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NOTABLE NEGRO WOMEN

Artists

NEGRO WOMEN AS WRITERS OF VERSE

By Miss Clara Estelle Cary, Knoxville, Tenn.

THE Negro, as other races, has chosen poetic verse as one form of self expression. Even from slavery days the Negro race can point with pride to some valuable literature which has been its heritage. Through the years the men of the race have not alone been responsible for this literature; the women, too, have shared in giving to the world their ideas of life.

Phillis Wheatley, coming from slavery times, was the first Negro poetess. She was born in Africa, 1754. When only seven years of age she was snatched from her home there and brought as a little slave girl to Boston, Massachusetts. As she stood ragged and forlorn on the public block in Boston, waiting to be sold, Mrs. John Wheatley was attracted to her. Instead of buying a slave who would have been of greater service to her, Mrs. Wheatley bought this frail child. She took the little one home, washed, fed, and clothed her. In a short time this same little girl, whom Mrs. Wheatley had named Phillis, was very happy in her new home. Phillis remembered very little of her home in Africa; in fact, about the only remembrance that she had was that of her mother carrying out some religious rites in early morning.

Phillis was such a brilliant child that soon the Wheatley family was very fond of her. Mrs. Wheatley's daughter was her teacher; and, in a year or two, Phillis spoke English well. At the age of fourteen, she was writing poetry. In a short time her poems had attracted the attention of several prominent persons in Boston, who encouraged her to continue her work. When Phillis was nineteen years of age, her health began to decline; and Mrs. Wheatley's son, who was going to England, took Phillis along. In England she was very well received. The Earl of Dartmouth was attentive to her needs; and, later, Phillis addressed a poem to him. Seldom did Phillis Wheatley mention her sad lot of being a slave, for she

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was very grateful for the opportunities given to her in America. In this poem, however, addressed to the Earl, she spoke of the sorrow which her parents must have felt when she was taken away from them.

"I young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Africa's fancied happy state;
What pangs excruciating must molest
What sorrows labor in my parents' breast"!

Another of her poems, "On Being Brought From Africa to America", is a gentle rebuke to those who would look upon the darker race with scorn.

"Some view our race with scornful eye,
'Their color is a diabolic dye'
Remember Christians, Negroes black as Cain,
May be refined, and join th' angelic train".

When the American Revolution began, Miss Wheatley addressed some verses to General George Washington who sent her a very courteous reply, thanking her for the poem and praising her poetic ability.

"Imagination" is thought by many to be her best poem. It is to be regretted that Phillis Wheatley has never been given her rightful place along with other American poets. She was not a great poet, but she did write some fine poetry.

When the Revolutionary War was still raging, Phillis Wheatley died, forgotten by all except a few close friends.

Quite a number of years passed before other women writers came into prominence. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, however, five writers were born.

In New Orleans, 1875, Alice Dunbar Nelson was born and educated. She also studied at Cornell University, Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania. Some of her writings are "Violets and Other Tales", "The Goodness of St. Roque", "Masterpieces of Eloquence", "The Dunbar Speaker".

Mrs. Nelson has a great love for nature as shown in her Sonnet and "Snow in October". Mrs. Nelson contributes to magazines and newspapers as a short story writer and columnist. She is also well known on the lecture platform.

Angelina Weld Grimke was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1880. She attended Carleton Academy, Northfield, Minnesota, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Massachusetts, and Girls' Latin School. In 1902 she was graduated from the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Her poems are "The Ways o' Men", "Grass Fingers", "When the Green Lies Over the Earth", "For the Candle Light", "Tenebris", "Hushed By the Hands of Sleep" (To Dr. George F. Grant), "Surrender", and "A Winter's Twilight".

Anne Spencer was born in Bramwell, West Virginia. She was educated at the Virginia Seminary, Lynchburg, Virginia, where she now resides. In Countee Cullen's "Caroling Dusk", she says, "I write about the things I love, but have no civilized articulation for the things I hate". She has written "I have a Friend", "Substitution", "Questing", "Before the Feast of Shushan", "At the Carnival", "The Wife-Woman", and "Innocence". In "Lines to a Nasturtium" she addresses this flower thus: "Flame-flower, Day-torch, Mauna Loa". An appreciation for "Old

Virginia" is given in "Life-Long, Poor Browning".

"Life-long, poor Browning never knew Virginia,
Or he'd not grieved in Florence for April sallies
Back to English gardens after Euclid's linear
Clipt yews, Pomander walks, and pleached alleys".

Mary Effie Newsome, the fourth of this group was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1885. She was reared at Wilberforce, Ohio. In 1920 she was married to the Reverend Henry Nesby Newsome. Mrs. Newsome writes about the common, every-day things of life. Her poems are "Morning Light", "Pansy", "Sky Pictures", "The Baker's Boy", "Sassafras Tea", "The Quilt", "Wild Roses", and "Quoits".

The last of this group of writers is Georgia Douglas Johnson, born in Atlanta, Georgia, 1886. She attended the Atlanta High School and Oberlin College. From a small child, Mrs. Johnson has been fond of poetry. The poet, William Stanley Braithwaite, was her chief source of inspiration. She is the author of the well known "Heart of a Woman", published in 1919; "Bronze", published in 1920. Mrs. Johnson is also a frequent contributor to *The Liberator, The Worker's Monthly, The Crisis,* and *Opportunity*. James Weldon Johnson says of her, "In her ingeniously-wrought verses, through sheer simplicity and spontaneousness, Mrs. Johnson often sounds a note of pathos or passion that will not fail to waken a response except in those too sophisticated or cynical to respond to natural impulses".

A bit of Mrs. Johnson's philosophy on "Getting Something Out of Life" reads:

"We get out of life what we have put into it,—a smile brings a smile just as surely as a frown brings a frown. Life pays heavy dividends for every investment and we decide what is shall be; also, how much or how little".

Jessie Redmon Fauset, Gwendolyn B. Bennett, and Helene Johnson are three of our youngest writers. Miss Fauset is a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and is the daughter of a minister. She received the Phi Beta Kappa Key and an A. B. degree from Cornell University, an M. A. degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Fauset has travelled in England, Scotland, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, and Algeria. She has taught French in Washington D. C., and has been the Literary Editor of *The Crisis*. She is very skillful in her French translations as shown in her writings. Her poems are "Touche", "Noblesse", "Recontre", "La Vie C'est la Vie", "Fragment", and "Words! Words"! Her novel, "There is Confusion", is also widely read.

Gwendolyn B. Bennett comes from Texas. She was educated in Washington, D. C., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, 1924. The following autumn she became a member of Howard University Faculty in Fine Arts, as instructor in Design, Water-color, and Crafts. During Christmas, 1924, Miss Bennett was awarded the Foreign Scholarship by the Alpha Sigma Chapter of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority. After a year's study in

Paris she returned as instructor at Howard University. Miss Bennett is the author of "To a Dark Girl", "Your Songs", "Fantasy", "Advice", and "Lines Written at the Grave of Alexander Dumas".

Helene Johnson was born and educated in Boston. Her work has been published in *Vanity Fair* and several New York dailies; and has been reprinted in *The Literary Digest,* and Braithwaite's Anthology. "What Do I Care for Morning", "Sonnet to a Negro in Harlem", "The Road", and "Bottled" are among her best poems.

NEGRO WOMEN IN MUSIC

By Miss Gladys B. Johnson, Knoxville, Tenn.

"The moonlight;
Juice flowing from an over ripe pomegranate bursting
The cossack-crested palm trees:
motionless
The leopard spotted shade:
inciting fear
silence seeds sown . . . . ."*

—

(*) Poem by Lewis Alexander.

AND such things prompted the black woman, in Africa to sing her songs. Songs they were indeed, because songs are born within one's heart; and should the strings of one's heart vibrate in understanding with that of another, in response we can say truthfully, "It is well worth the name—song"!

Hundreds of years ago there lived in Africa, on the Zambezi River, a man called Balanku. Balanku had one beloved and only wife. At his death his wife poured out her great sorrow in a song so beautiful and full of pathos that it was remembered and sung by others for its loveliness and melody. This woman is one of the first known African composers. Her song is definite in form and melodious in line. Freely translated it goes like this:

"Where shall I find one
Like Balanku
Mother!
Like Balanku
Mother!
He has brought me into
goodly things,
All these in very truth
I did possess,
Through him, my husband
I beheld great good".

Years pass in centuries and the soul of the African woman sings among the shadows, "We weep in our hearts like the tortoise".** She knows, too, the agony of sorrow without tears and, yet, that very thing mellows her heart. America has added her burden.

—

(**) An African proverb.

The story is told that a slave woman from the banks of the beautiful Swanee River in North Central Florida was sold into Alabama. One dark night she was homesick and lonely and burst into song pathetically singing the folk song we know as "Swanee River". From Alabama, the song was carried to the banks of the Ohio where Stephen Foster heard it from the slaves. It is reported that he came down the Tennessee River and to Florence, Alabama, where he searched diligently for the woman. The woman he found, and returned, bringing her song with him.

"To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
'Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening,
A tall, slim tree,
Night coming tenderly
Black like me".***

(***) Poem by Langston Hughes.

So night with its pathos, dark hues and solemness portrayed many a woman's heart. Then one day a master of a Tennessee plantation had sold a mother from her babe. The day was near at hand for the separation and the mother was frantic. Deciding to throw her babe and herself into the Cumberland River, she, stumbling along the road with her arms around her child, muttering in a frenzy, "Before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave", was stopped by a very old woman. In love, the old wrinkled hand was placed on the mother's shoulder and the weak, old voice said, "Don't do it honey; wait, let the Chariot of the Lord swing low, and let me take one of the Lord's scrolls and read it to you". Then with a motion as reaching and unfolding something, she said, "God's got a great work for this baby to do; she's goin' to stand before kings and queens. Don't do it honey". The mother gave up and was sold down into Mississippi, leaving her baby.

After the war the baby girl entered Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. She became one of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers, who stood before kings and queens. This baby girl was Ella Sheppard, the pianist for the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. She found her mother, after a long search and in 1912 the "Chariot Swung Low" and bore the frail body of the very old woman—home.

During the year 1851, Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield came into prominence around Philadelphia. This artist was born in Mississippi and was taken to Philadelphia by a Quaker lady to be educated. The *Daily State Register,* of Albany, after one of her concerts said: "The compass of her marvelous voice embraces twenty-seven notes, reaching from the sonorous bars of a baritone to a few notes above even Jenny Lind's highest". For a while she was on the stage but later taught music in Philadelphia.

In 1880 Madame Marie Selika became prominent. In 1882 she visited Europe and the *Paris Figaro* said of her appearance: "Madame Selika sang in great style with a voice strong of depth and compass rising with perfect ease from C to C. She trills like a feathered songster and her 'Echo Song' cannot be surpassed".

The *Berlin Tagblatt* said: "Madame Selika roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and after her first Aria she was twice recalled and could quiet the vociferous applause only by rendering a selection with orchestra accompaniment".

Madame Selika is teaching voice in New York.

One of the next women artists, among the People of Color was Flora Batson—in ordinary life, Mrs. Bergen. Her days of prominence began in 1887. She died in 1906. Flora Batson was a ballad singer and her voice exhibited a compass of three octaves. Her voice has sent crowds into the wildest enthusiasm.

Soon after Flora Batson, Mrs. Sissieretta Jones came into her artistic success. She was generally known as "Black Patti" and sang in all the principal cities of Europe. After these performances she became the leader of the "Black Patti Troubadours" and toured the West Indies and Central America for nineteen years. She lives in Providence, Rhode Island.

From a prince in Senegal Country in Africa, who was murdered, came a line of artistic people. Ira Aldridge, an actor, who lived in Russia and was given the Gold Medal of First Class Art, (a medal given only to the philosopher Humboldt, the composer Spontinin and musician Liszt) was the grandson of this African prince. Ira Aldridge had two daughters, one a composer and pianist, the other a contralto singer.

Ira Amando Aldridge, the pianist and composer lived in London and was known, professionally, as "Montague Ring". Most of her compositions were of African theme. A press report of a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace said of Miss Aldridge: "What African that heard the rendering of her own piano-forte solo 'The Call of the Feast' can forget the drum of the capalistic brotherhood of the Nigerian 'Osugbo' within the sacred square of the Para, the rythmic solemnity of the aristocratic dance of the chiefs and the 'Dancing Girls' whirl in the gentle poetry of motion in the lengthening shadows of the evening? The 'Call Home' dies away under the flickering glow of the first evening stars which flash upon the tired resting limbs of a sleeping town. The appreciation of her music leads us to hope that in Miss Ira Aldridge, African music has found a worthy successor to the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor".

Miss Luranah Aldridge, the contralto singer, appeared in a number of opera houses in England and on the Continent. The great Charles Gounod says in a letter to Sir Augustus Harris, "She possesses the most beautiful contralto voice I have ever heard".

Sometimes we give too little credit to those musicians who work long and often for historical backgrounds and a better understanding for all types of music. Mrs. Maude Cuney Hare, who lives in Boston, Massachusetts, is a composer, author and exponent of Creole and Afro-American music. She has received commendation for her display of rare manuscripts and documents relating to these types of music. The exhibit of hers was, a few years ago, in Wanamaker's Philadelphia store.

From these rare historical cases and old manuscripts one finds much about Creole music. As early as the sixth century, according to these cases, an Arabian Negro, Mabed, is spoken of as having a remarkable voice and keen technic in composition.

Two names of artists in the Negro Race are now ablaze in the sky for those who care for good music. These two young women possess rare gifts and wear them simply and grandly.

One of these young women is Miss Hazel Harrison. As a girl she lived in La Porte, Indiana, and moved to Chicago for further training. She and her mother, for whom she has a quaint name, live now on Prairie Avenue in Chicago. To see her prac-

tice and hear her commands to herself, to see her strong muscular arms and hear the tones which her fingers entice, one has only to gasp and travel with the gods to Valhalla. To talk with her, one forgets her accomplishments and appreciates the friendly, unaffected fellowship of true greatness.

Miss Harrison studied for years, abroad, as the special pupil of Busoni, the man who had memorized every great masterpiece for the piano and turned to the orchestra for more to accomplish.

Miss Marion Anderson, the second young woman artist of today among our people mentioned above, lives in Philadelphia. She studied under Guiseppe Boghetti of New York. Her voice is that deep rich contralto which America rarely produces. Her first performance was with the Philharmonic Symphony Society of Philadelphia. W. J. Henderson called her voice one of the greatest contraltos of the day. In 1925 Miss Anderson entered the New York stadium contest and from three hundred singers of the United States was chosen to sing with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. She has also toured Europe with success.

On one of Miss Anderson's programs she rendered "Strands" in German, and its lovely melody and suggestive friendliness is the Darker Sisters' benediction:

"Strands, love's colours wearing,
Float from thee to me.
Strands, our yearnings sharing
Float from thee to me.
Born of soul felt longing
As our strands we weave.
All my songs come thronging
Soft and owlet winging
Through the shades of eve".

MISS HALLIE Q. BROWN

ONE of the notable Negro women of America is Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who through long years has been widely known in educational circles on two continents.

Miss Brown graduated from Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio, in 1873. She taught in several colleges through the years, one of them being Wilberforce. Her special line was elocution in which work she won distinction both as a teacher and as an entertainer.

Amid all her pressing engagements she found time for church work and for temperance work. She was so acceptable as a temperance speaker that she was sent to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union convention in London in 1895, appearing on the program under the leadership of Lady Henry Somerset. She spent some time in Great Britain as lecturer for the British Women's Temperance Association.

Miss Brown was a delegate to the International Council of Women in London in 1899. Again she was honored by having her church—the A. M. E.—choose her as its representative at the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, in 1910.

Miss Brown lectured in Switzerland, Germany and France as well as in Great Britain. She appeared before Queen Victoria, was entertainer at the Princess of Wales dinner to the poor children of London, was a guest

of the Lord Mayor of London and his wife, was made a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Edinburgh. Honors were heaped upon her wherever she went.

In her own country, also, she has received many honors; she has served in the State Federation of Woman's Clubs and has been President of the National Association of Colored Women.

Miss Brown lives in "Homewood Cottage", Wilberforce, three miles east of Xenia. As a Life Member of the International Council of Women and as a delegate, she sailed on May 18 to attend the Quinquennial Convention to be held in Vienna, Austria, May 26 to June 17, 1930.

—Editor.

Teachers

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

By Miss Mildred A. Cansler, Knoxville, Tenn.

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE was born of slave parents, Samuel and Patsy McLeod, in a humble cabin on a rice and cotton plantation near Mayesville, S. C. Mrs. Bethune was one of a family of seventeen children and was, seemingly, without any chance of getting an education.

While yet very young, she began to show distinctive traits of character. She always performed her small tasks cheerfully, neatly and swiftly. She was devoted to her parents and eager to help them in every way. She was quick to understand and always sympathetic.

When Mary was about eleven years old the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church opened a little school near Mayesville. Although the school was four miles from her home, Mary was one of the first to walk the distance to the school and back each day. She seemed to understand what it really meant to be able to go to school.

In a few years Mary had finished the little school and her beloved teacher, Miss Emma Wilson, told her that Miss Mary Crissman, a dressmaker in Denver, Colorado, wanted to pay the expenses of some little girl to go to Scotia Seminary and that she, Miss Wilson, had chosen Mary to go because she had done so well in school. The child was overjoyed at this news and in the autumn, lonely but happy, she took her first railroad journey to Scotia Seminary. She was awkward and shy at first but her unfailing good humor and her kind acceptance of criticism soon won the hearts of both teachers and students .

In 1895 she finished Scotia Seminary and received a scholarship which enabled her to continue studying at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

At the end of two years at Moody Institute Mary hoped to go to Africa as a missionary but a bitter disappointment awaited her. At the Presbyterian Board of Missions, she learned that all the stations for Colored workers in Africa were filled.

She was appointed as a teacher at Haines Institute, Augusta, Ga. While here, she gathered a large group of children from the streets and held an inspiring "Mission School" on Sabbath afternoons. She got great joy out of this service and was a blessing to the lives that she touched.

The next place to which this zealous worker was sent was Sumpter, South Carolina, where she taught for two years. It was here that she was married to Albert Bethune, a teacher. They moved to Savannah, Georgia, and there, two years later, her son, Albert McLeod Bethune, was born. She spent some time in quiet home life but soon received another call to public service—this time to Palatka, Florida.

Here Mrs. Bethune taught the Mission School, visited, sang and read to the prisoners in the county jail. Her influence for good upon the lives of many of the prisoners was wonderful. She worked here for five years.

In 1904 Mrs. Bethune, with her little boy, came to Daytona, Florida, and here she started the Daytona School. Her cash capital was $1.50, but her faith and courage were inestimable. She found a little house in which to open her school but had no furniture. She procured dry-goods boxes from stores, bits of carpet, matting, a bed or two and made and repaired furniture until the little cabin was in readiness. In October of 1904 Mrs. Bethune stepped to the door of her crude, but very clean, school room and rang the little school bell given her by a friend. Her first enrollment was five little girls and with them she founded, what she then called, the Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School.

Many trials, struggles and disappointments met Mrs. Bethune in her efforts, but she, with unbounded faith and courage, succeeded in what she started. In a comparatively short time there was, in place of the little cabin, a beautiful campus, fourteen buildings and thirty-two acres of land—all of which were valued at $600,000. Every improvement, every new building, every addition in equipment or teaching staff was the direct result of the prayers and hard toil of the founder—Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune.

In 1923 the Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute merged with Cookman Institute of Jacksonville, Florida, and became coeducational. It is now known as the Bethune-Cookman College.

"Mrs. Bethune was the leading spirit in establishing a Home for Delinquent Colored Girls at Ocala, Florida. She has served as president of the Southeastern Federation of Women's Clubs and, in 1924, at Chicago, was elected president of the National Association of Colored Women. In 1926 she was re-elected to this position and, as president, represented 200,000 of the most cultured and consecrated women of her race. She has served as president of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools and is an active member of the Inter-Racial Council of America".

Mrs. Bethune has given herself unselfishly and fearlessly to the work of securing the best for her people. The school which she founded, with only five little girls attending at first, has grown to a Junior College with an enrollment of almost five hundred students. Mrs. Bethune's great courage,

her intense interest in others, her faith in God, have helped her to succeed in every effort which she has put forth. Hers is truly a life of service. It reminds us of Oxenham's poem:

"To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way.
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low.
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go".

Mrs. Bethune has kept to the high way.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. C. H. BROWN

By Miss Edna Arter, Knoxville, Tenn.

A VIVID illustration of the fact, that one who loses his life shall find it is given in the biography of Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, the founder of Palmer Memorial Institute. Although Mrs. Brown was reared in the cultural environment of a New England home, she considered it a worthy privilege to devote her life to the service of her oppressed people in North Carolina. In order to appreciate correctly the influences which tended to develop the spirit of altruism in the heart of Mrs. Brown, it is necessary for us to become acquainted with some of the significant factors of her environment. Mrs. Brown attributes much of the spirit of service which she possesses to the influence of her Christian mother. It is inspirational to review the life of this talented ambitious young woman.

She was born in the little town of Henderson, North Carolina. When she was quite a child her parents moved to Boston, Massachusetts. In this great educational center Charlotte Hawkins received her grammar school and high school training. Throughout her early school life she exhibited exceptional ability, both in oratory and art, and in her basic school studies. The personality and initiative of this young Negro girl soon won for her the admiration and interest not only of her teachers and schoolmates, but also of famous educators of the state of Massachusetts.

In her autobiography, Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown tells of how Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, former member of the Board of Education of the state of Massachusetts, first became interested in her. In relating the incident, she says that just before she finished high school she persuaded her mother to allow her to work in the afternoon in order that she might earn some money to help defray the expenses connected with her graduation. When she was thus employed, Mrs. Palmer passed her on the street one day while she was wheeling a baby's carriage with one hand and holding a Virgil from which she was reading in the other. Mrs. Palmer was strangely attracted to the young girl; therefore, after passing her, she turned and retraced her steps in order that she might learn more of her . After asking the young girl several questions, Mrs. Palmer learned that she was finishing the English High School that year. From

the day of this chance meeting, Mrs. Palmer never lost interest in the life of Charlotte Hawkins. Having realized the possibilities of this unusual girl, Mrs. Palmer assumed the financial responsibility for her normal school education.

Shortly after finishing normal school, Miss Hawkins accepted a position to teach in a rural school in North Carolina. This school was supported by the American Missionary Association. The conditions which confronted Miss Hawkins when she arrived at Sedalia, North Carolina were such as would have discouraged any ordinary young woman. In the first place, Sedalia was four and one half miles from the nearest railroad station. In addition to this circumstance, there was the further handicap of having to begin her work of teaching in a leaking one-roomed church building. Opposition arose on all sides. The people of the community for whom she labored were ignorant, and at first they could not appreciate the untiring efforts of the young school teacher from New England. Then, too, the white citizens of the neighborhood were apprehensive lest the young Negro teacher should instill ideals of social equality within the minds of the youth of that vicinity. Finally, the American Missionary Association withdrew its support from the school. These difficulties seemed only to inspire the young teacher to greater effort. After the American Missionary Association gave up the project, she showed her love for her people by continuing to teach without salary.

Finding herself in financial difficulties, Mrs. Brown presented the needs of the school to Mrs. Palmer, who willingly made donations for its support. In 1902, Mrs. Brown conceived the idea of going to Massachusetts to present her work and its needs in person to the people of that state. During that year she canvassed and gave concerts in order to raise funds for her school. When she returned to Sedalia, she wisely invested the money which she had obtained in making needed improvements at the school. In 1903, the minister of the church in which Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown's school was conducted gave fifteen acres of land to be used for school purposes. Mrs. Brown used two hundred fifty dollars donated by her friends of the North, to repair an old log building that was situated on the property which the minister dedicated to the use of the school. This building became the first girls' dormitory and teachers' home of Palmer Memorial Institute. As the work developed numbers of philanthropists became interested in it. Among these was Mrs. O. W. Bright, who visited the school in 1902 and pledged her interest to its work. Today the school plant consists of fourteen well-equipped modern buildings and three hundred acres of valuable land. The place where the school is situated is not isolated now, since a national highway passes directly by its grounds. Visitors to the school are always impressed by the immaculate cleanliness of the buildings and campus of the institution. The loyalty and esteem which the students and teachers manifest toward Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, its founder, is also noteworthy. In reading the catalogue of Palmer Memorial

Institute, one can easily see the effects of Mrs. Brown's New England training in the curriculum and organization of the school. The competent instructors, the small classes, the personal supervision given each pupil, together with the inclusion in the course of tours to places of historical and educational interest—all make evident the fact of Mrs. Brown's efficiency. Her ambitions in regard to Palmer are still far from complete realization, but she is continually working faithfully and effectively for the advancement of the work which God has given her to do.

Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown is not only interested in the work of her own institution. Her interests are as broad as the needs of humanity. She has shown her interest in interracial problems in that for the last two years she has given extension lectures on race relationships at the nationally known educational institutions of Smith, Radcliffe, Mt. Holyoke and Wellesley. Her opinions and convictions have had widespread influence for the betterment of the social and economic conditions of her people. At present, Mrs. Brown is president of North Carolina State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, and vice-president at large of the National Association of Colored Women. Thus, although Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown has exhibited self-forgetfulness to a marked degree, she has won national recognition. Time cannot estimate the influence of her work; it must be left to eternity.

Business Women

MRS. MAGGIE WALKER, BANK PRESIDENT

By Mrs. J. Herman Daves, Buffalo, N. Y.

SELDOM, indeed, does one come in contact with a woman who is the president of a bank. It is possible to never have this experience during the whole life-time. But when one finds a woman of African descent, the daughter of an ex-slave, occupying so difficult and unusual a position, it is even more remarkable. To Mrs. Maggie Walker, president of St. Luke's Bank and Trust Company of Richmond, Va., belongs this unique distinction of being the only woman in the United States of her racial group to serve in such capacity.

Mrs. Walker's life story is an interesting one, full of trials, struggles and success. Her father and mother, William and Elizabeth Mitchell, were former slaves, having been freed only a few years before her birth . At the time of Maggie's birth, her father was head waiter at the St. Charles Hotel in Richmond. He and his family lived in an unpretentious, yet comfortable home, not far from the house said to have at one time been occupied by Edgar Allen Poe during his boyhood. In the same neighborhood was situated St. Paul's Church, where President Jefferson Davis received the news that the cause of the Confederacy was lost.

During Maggie Mitchell's girlhood there occurred a tragedy which made life for her far different and much harder than it would otherwise

have been. Her father's lifeless body was found, after a five-day search, in the waters of the James River, the victim of foul play. The mother found herself the sole support of two

MR. AND MRS. J. HERMAN DAVES AND FAMILY.

Mrs. and Mrs. Daves are both graduates of Knoxville College. Mrs. Daves is the daughter of Mrs. C. W. Cansler. Mr. Daves is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Buffalo, New York.

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

children. There were no savings, for at that time banks were deemed a luxury for the rich and the days of insurance had not yet arrived.

Mrs. Mitchell, therefore, turned to the kind of work which she knew how to do best and for which, at the time, there seemed the greatest demand. She did washing and ironing for many of the aristocratic families of Richmond. Maggie did much of the house work and carried clothes back and forth for her mother. In spite of the hard work which she had to perform, Maggie found time to study lessons and was an excellent student at the old Lancaster school, where she received her instruction from southern white teachers whose families had been improverished by the war.

A step which she took at the age of fourteen was destined to influence her whole life. At this time she joined the Independent Order of St. Luke, a fraternal organization that had been established in 1867 for the purpose of helping the sick and burying the dead. The founder was a former slave who saw all around her the newly-emancipated slaves in poverty, ignorance and distress. Moved by these scenes of misery, this ex-slave conceived the idea of establishing an organization that could help them in the time of sickness and death. Needless to say, its progress in the early stages was painfully slow.

Shortly after becoming a member of this organization, Maggie Mitchell was elected secretary of her local council. Two years later, at the age of sixteen, she was elected a delegate to the annual convention. In 1883 she was graduated from high school and taught for three years. Her interest in the Order of St. Luke never wavered, even after her marriage to Armstead Walker, a building contractor. Responsibilities of her home and the rearing of a family took up much of her time, however.

Rapid promotion followed her efforts in the Order and Mrs. Walker was elected National Deputy. Besides the organization of many new councils, she conceived the idea of the formation of a juvenile branch for the younger people in 1895 and helped

to draft the laws for the government of these juvenile circles. The juvenile membership now numbers over twenty thousand.

In 1899 when the Order of St. Luke seemed tottering on the road to ruin because of insufficient funds in the treasury and lack of cooperation between some of the national officers. Mrs. Walker took charge at a salary of $100.00 a year.

No sooner had she entered upon her duties than the organization took on new life and began to grow by leaps and bounds. With her keen intuition, Mrs. Walker saw the need of a fraternal newspaper and, in March 1902, began the publication of the *St. Luke Herald.* This paper is published by the organization in its own printing department and is now rated as one of the best journals of its class in the country. An educational loan fund was also established for the younger members of the Order, so that worthy young students who are financially unable to do so, may complete a practical education.

The St. Luke Penny Savings Bank, a result of Mrs. Walker's wisdom and foresight, was established in 1903. The name was later changed to The St. Luke Bank and Trust Company. For twenty-seven years this bank has carried on, serving as a means for the investment of the idle funds of the Order of St. Luke and adding to its wealth. Under the presidency of Mrs. Walker this bank is recognized as one of the best-managed financial institutions in the country, and is the oldest Negro banking institution in America. At the time of its establishment, the deposits of the bank amounted to only $8,000, which have now increased to over $500,000.

The bank, newspaper, and home office of the Order are all housed in a modern, four-story, brick building costing $100,000. There is an emergency fund of over $70,000 in the treasury, there are one hundred and forty-five field workers and fifty-five clerks in the home office.

Mrs. Walker has found time, aside from her business responsibilities, to devote to outside interests, especially those connected with the betterment of her race. She is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; she is trustee of the Frederick Douglass Home; she has several times held high offices in the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs; and is a founder and president of the Council of Colored Women (Richmond). This last named organization owns a thirty thousand dollar home on Clay Street in Richmond.

In spite of her remarkable achievements as a business woman and her large service to many organizations and individuals, Mrs. Walker has remained modest throughout it all. Her life should be an inspiration to younger people who suffer the same handicaps of poverty and race that she suffered. Yet, how triumphantly has she overcome these obstacles that have, at many places along the way, seemed to block her progress to success.

MRS. ANNIE M. TURNBO-MALONE

An Outstanding Negro Business Woman

By Miss Eva C. Fowlkes, Henderson, N. C.

IN this day of invention and discoveries, the world values people who have something to offer in the way of intellectual ability and skill. People who have such ability can always find a place in the world. Greatness is determined by the service that one renders to humanity. Individuals have achieved greatness by different means and it is difficult for us to say that one kind of service is more important than another. Many have achieved greatness in the business world. Any person, in order to succeed in business must be intellectually fit, efficient and dependable. Such a person in the business world is Mrs. Annie M. Turnbo-Malone.

Mrs. Malone was born on a farm near Metropolis, Illinois. She belonged to a family of eleven children born to Robert and Isabelle Cook-Turnbo. Both parents died when she was very young, even before she reached school age. Annie received her high school education in Peoria, Illinois, but was not able to complete the course because of ill health. Later she was able to resume study and took courses in chemistry as a scientific background for the business which she was to enter.

In 1900 Mrs. Malone began the manufacturing of toilet articles in a small frame building in Lovejoy, Illinois, beginning her business on a very small scale. Her first efforts were successful and through advertising and house to house canvassing she was soon enabled to enlarge her plant. She moved to St. Louis and entered a larger place of business. In 1904 she put on an extensive advertising program touring the South in the interest of her products.

Mrs. Malone needed helpers and trained helpers. She conceived the idea of starting a school for the purpose of training men and women for her factory and for salesmanship. Soon her building was overflowing and a second building was erected. Beauty of architecture, splendid furnishings and up-to-date equipment all combined to make this an ideal school, well fitted for its purpose.

Her business was increased by adding new articles to her manufactures and by establishing branch houses in several large cities over the country.

Few women of any race have made a greater success of a business venture. Mrs. Malone has seen developments from a very small beginning. Now she is head of a large manufacturing concern and owns much property. She supervises her business herself.

Mrs. Malone devotes much of her time to religious work and to Race progress in which she is deeply interested. Her work has been done in the spirit of Christianity. The race owes much to a woman who has rendered such service.

Greatness comes through humble service. Christ was our first and only perfect example. Mrs. Malone is doing the biddings of her Master. She should be an inspiration to all dreamers. Let us take courage and learn from the poet that,

"Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night".

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

Sketches of Indian Girls who have Achieved Success

DR. SUSAN LA FLESCHE PICOTTE
The First Indian Woman Physician

FROM childhood in an Indian tepee on a wild, unsettled Indian Reservation, before Nebraska became a state, surrounded by the glamour of tribal life, and having no knowledge of the English language, to a woman's medical college of high standard, is a long step; while to have reached a stage of development fitting one for such training by the age of twenty, truly challenges interest in the one of whom this can be said. This and much more is true of Susan La Flesche Picotte, the first woman of her race to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine. For all Indians who are proud of their native blood and for all Presbyterians—since Dr. Picotte was closely identified with this denomination—her life of unselfish service and her high ideals should be indelibly recorded.

While Susan La Flesche possessed memories from childhood of the romantic life of her people and retained and developed her interest in nature and the beautiful, she inherited strength of character from her father, Joseph La Flesche, last chief of the Omaha tribe. That same inheritance is evidenced in her sisters, one of whom, widely known as an authoress under her Indian name of "Bright Eyes", lectured throughout the country and did much to arouse a sentiment of fair play for the Indian. Another sister, Mrs. Margaret Diddock, wife of a business man of Walthill, is also a woman of keen mind and high aspirations. The name La Flesche, indicates the strain of French blood in their veins.

Joseph La Flesche, the father, was considered one of the greatest of Indian chiefs and had the reputation of being a just man at all times. It was he who went to the rescue of a neighboring tribe, the Winnebagos, when they were starving, removed them to his own reservation, shared land with them, and later traveled to Washington where he secured governmental ratification of his act.

Evolving within an unusually brief space of time from primitive life to highest civilization, Susan La Flesche Picotte stands out as a unique figure in the annals of the history of the North American Indian. With ancestry reaching far back of the Pilgrim fathers, she was indeed a genuine American. Her rapidity of advance educationally was due to her keen mind and unlimited courage. After elementary education at a mission school and a government school, in 1879 at the age of thirteen years, she, with her older sister, "Bright Eyes", was brought East and placed for three years in a preparatory school at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The principal of that school was Susan Higgins, later Mrs. John F. Pingry, beloved member of our Woman's Board of Home Missions. This young

Indian girl next graduated from Hampton College and entered the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, graduating two years later at the age of twenty-two from a three-years' course, with first honors in a class of one hundred.

Following a year of hospital experience she was appointed government physician among the Omaha Indians. This service involved long trips over the reservation, and four years of the roughest life of exposure and hardship followed as she ministered night and day to the needs of her people, until compelled to resign because of ill health. Removing to Bancroft, through a large private practice she gave her services to two races, for not only was she sought by Indian patients, but by white people who admired her proficiency.

In 1894 she married Henry Picotte, a French Sioux Indian, intending to live the quiet life of a homemaker, but she could not long withstand the needs of her people and soon resumed her practice, gradually assuming a spiritual leadership as well. It has been said of her that she gave herself unselfishly, passionately, and often with what amounted to reckless disregard of her own good to the task of relieving and uplifting the Indians. Her influence was felt in the community life of both Indians and whites. In addition to her practice she nursed her aged mother; reared two boys, training them and equipping them for life's duties; cared for a sick husband; conducted services in the little mission church; did active temperance work; kept up her social activities; and never lost close personal touch with all the affairs of her people. She at one time led a delegation of her tribesmen to Washington. It proved to be the most important and successful mission ever undertaken by her tribe, for through the protest presented to government authorities the sale of liquor in towns on the Omaha and Winnebago Reservation was forever prohibited in the title conveyances.

After her husband's death in 1905, she built an attractive home for herself and her two boys, Caryl and Pierre, and until forced to become inactive by her last illness, gave her time and strength to the Omaha Indians as medical missionary among them. Dr. Picotte was one of the organizers of the Presbyterian Church at Walthill. She had remarkable breadth of interest, giving her support to lecture courses, institutes, conventions, and other forms of community welfare, being active in the woman's club, and holding important committee positions in the state and national federations. In the Board of Health she waged a war for sanitation, and of particular interest to her were medical society and sociological matters. In later years she confined her medical activities to the Presbyterian Hospital under the Board of Home Missions at Walthill. This Hospital is indeed a memorial to her unceasing labors and, located and equipped as she had planned, is one of her dreams come true for her people.

Her identification with the religious life of the Omahas was ever foremost. Eight miles from Walthill she went, over rough roads, every Sunday to the Presbyterian church at the agency, to conduct services for the Indians and speak to them in their own language.

Home ties and hospitality were also ever dear to her. Over her fireplace one reads, "East, West, Hame's Best". One who visited her said that it seemed a far cry from the days of the tepee and the hunting of buffalo to her beautiful modern home. When building this house, the carpenters could not understand her desire for a large fireplace when there was also a furnace; windows on three sides of the room also seemed to them a queer fancy. But when completed they agreed that light and air, polished floors, bookcases filled with the best literature, and a cheerful open fire made an ideal room. "Plenty of air and sunshine—that is Nature's medicine", said Dr. Picotte, "but I have hard work to make my people understand this".

For the last twenty years of her life, which ended all too soon in 1915 when she was but forty-six years of age, she suffered from an incurable malady, never being free from pain. In spite of physical limitations and tribal prejudice against the leadership of a woman, for the last fifteen years she was recognized as the most influential person among the Omahas. Always indifferent to praise, she said before her death, in answer to words of commendation: "I cannot see how any credit is due me. I am only thankful that I have been called and permitted to serve. I feel blessed for that privilege beyond all measure".

Rising from conditions seldom conducive to greatness in the civilized acceptance of the term, it is interesting to note in this woman characteristics that measure up to the highest standards of life. Entitled, as she is, to an outstanding place in American history both as related to church and state, may her name abide in the memory of all Americans and be honored by a high place in the list of church heroes.

—T. F. in *Home Mission Monthly*.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND HER PROBLEMS

By Dorothy Cate, Secretary Indian Department, National Y. W. C. A. New York, N. Y.

THE American Indian girl of today is facing many problems to which the answers seem very difficult. First of all she has, in most cases, spent a great deal of her life in a boarding school such as the United States government provides for its Indian young people. These schools, for all the recent criticism, are doing their best, often under the most trying handicaps, to give the boys and girls a normal, high school education. This is not easy, for almost never can they have the type of teachers they most need, or at least, not enough of this type, and, without exception, the schools are working under an insufficient budget and an inflexible Civil Service regime. Consequently, one of the first problems of the Indian girl is to adapt herself to life in crowded dormitories with girls of various other tribes, knowing nothing of her language, her home, the habits and customs of her reservation. She must attend classes in school rooms over-crowded, use out-of-date books, study under a rapidly shifting line of teachers, do her outside reading in short periods in noisy rooms.

Is it any wonder that she finds it difficult to speak good English, to know the "way a real lady would do" things in a well-ordered home, or how to present herself and her abilities to a prospective employer?

So she comes from the school, truly grateful for the very real friendship of the other girls she has known there, the earnest efforts of overworked matrons and teachers in her behalf, the loyal spirit of the school to the idea of Indian leadership for modern Indians. All these she appreciates but there are other things for which she longs—perhaps without quite knowing how much she needs them or how difficult it will be to find them.

AMERICAN INDIAN GIRLS AT Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE

One of the most important things is work to do that which will bring her enough money to keep herself and help some younger brothers and sisters at home. The great majority of our Indian girls are in poverty. At their homes there is not even sufficient food to build healthy bodies, to say nothing of proper clothing for them. The modern Indian girl finds she must work. What is she to do? Sometimes when the home is near the city she tries to live at home and go to work,—perhaps in an office. More often, and usually with more lasting results, she goes to the city and takes up housework or care of children in some home, living with the family for whom she works and being given room and board and laundry as part of her pay . This does not, as a rule, take as much readjustment as office or factory work—partly because the hours are a bit more flexible, and to an even greater extent because the Indian girls love children and are deft of hand and quiet of mien and not afraid of work.

The office and factory present more difficult problems. Where can this girl (none of whose relatives are in the city) find a room that can in

any way be a home for her, yet not take too large a part of her wages in rent? How can she become acquainted with the sort of people who will be real friends? How avoid the companionship of undesirables? How have any fun at all without running into serious dangers? The work hours are monotonous and rigid. The hours of leisure are tremendously dangerous for one so recently let loose from the careful chaperonage of the government boarding school. Now there are no restraints and she is lonely enough to seek companionship at the cheap dance hall.

Competition is strong and the Indian girl does not, as a rule, advance as she should—she is not versed in the art of advertising herself. In good Indian ethics it is very bad manners to say what you can do and to push yourself into a position ahead of others. Dignity and calm and self-control have their places in the life of every Indian woman. But they do not often get her a new job or an advance in salary in the old one.

As for the Indian girl who goes back to the reservation, life is not always easy for her, either. In a few rare cases she can teach in an Indian Day School or do some stenographic work for the agency or help in the homes of people employed by the government to do the work of the Indian Bureau on that reservation. Or, lacking this, she may have fitted herself for home nursing or Field Matron work—in which case she is, more likely than not, on some other reservation than the one where her own home is situated. This is wise for there will obviously be greater temptations and less dignity to her position if she works among those who knew her as a little child. Perhaps when she is older she may come back to her own home to work—when she is older and has proved, in other places, her ability and earnestness.

If conditions are such that it is almost imperative for her to be in her own home it is indeed difficult for her to earn any money. She may do some sewing or make baskets or do beadwork. Then the problem is to find a sure market near enough that one need not use up all one's profit paying express charges. And with the pressure brought to bear by other members of the family (in particular the old grandmother, who is a real *power* in the tribe) she will probably marry soon, which will mean another family to support, more expenses and more difficulty of adjustments. For she will probably marry a much older man (the young men are not on the reservations, they are in cities or towns where they can find more lively companionship than the old home community provides—also, where one may find mechanical jobs, if one is interested) probably a man with little or no schooling and a decidedly different standard of living from that which the girl has learned in school.

Thus the matter stands. There are problems of economic pressure, there are difficulties of adjustment to reservation life on the one hand or city ways on the other. There is also a matter of deciding to follow the white man's religion; to keep the old, fast-deteriorating ceremonials of the Indian worship; or to drift along, as so many white people seem to do, with little regard for any sort of religion.

Yet the Indian instinctively dislikes this uncertainty in spiritual matters. He is naturally reverent with a real feeling for ritual and worship. If he gives up his religious expressional life, he misses it sorely.

The young Indian girls in the schools are beginning to think these matters through and to ask many questions. Now is the time for us, who would give to them some of the strength and comfort we find in our religious faith, to offer gladly and openly, but with an understanding of the natural pride of the Indian, our gift. Let us give it always with the spirit of sharing, as well, our friendship, our loyal understanding, our willingness to learn from these Indian girls and enjoy their fellowship.

INDIAN STUDENTS SPEAK

These autobiographical sketches of Indian Girls were secured by Miss Helen Brickman, Director, Indian Work Council of Women for Home Missions.

SHE INTENDS TO MAKE GOOD

MY name is Ahnawake Kingfisher. Ahnawake is an Indian name meaning refinely dignified, cultured, etc. I was born in a little country village of Teresita, Oklahoma, May 24, 1911. My father and mother were good people. I am full-blood Cherokee.

I am the third child in a family of four. I have one brother and one sister, and a small brother who died at the age of one day. My mother died when I was three years old. From then on our family has always been divided.

My Grandmother took my younger sister, who was then one year old, to live with her. Brother and I went from aunt to aunt, and from uncle to uncle. We have never known the love of a mother or the joys of home.

At the age of six I was sent with my brother to an Indian school near Tahlequah, Oklahoma. My father, who hadn't gone to school a day in his life, realized the necessity of an education. For ten happy years I stayed in Sequoyah Orphan Training School. I passed each year and spent my vacation wherever Dad was. Two years after Mother's death, father married.

For six years I have not gone home. I visit them one day at a time.

I have always been considered a bright student, leading my classes from the third grade. When I went to Sequoyah, I could neither read nor write. I couldn't talk my own language well, of course no English. It didn't take any time to learn some words in English. My father, to this day, cannot speak English. In writing Cherokee, he cannot be surpassed.

My parents have never been well-to-do. I work during vacation to earn money for the next year's schooling.

In the spring of 1928, I graduated from Sequoyah, having finished the tenth grade. In 1927 my class had their graduating exercises, not knowing that we would be back. In August we were informed of the addition of the tenth grade, and that we would be allowed to go back. It was good news to me, for I hated to leave the school which had been my home for nine years. I was valedictorian of the class of 1927.

Miss Bertha M. Eckert, a Y. W. C. A. Secretary, took an interest in me. and it is through her that I learned of Haskell. She began to tell me of Haskell and how she would like for me to come. Then I began to plan and dream of coming to Haskell.

I went "outing" last summer. About July 25th, I received my application blanks, and I lost no time in filling them out. I was not satisfied until I learned that my application had been accepted. I couldn't believe I was really coming to Haskell until my train pulled out of Muskogee.

My sister is still attending Sequoah, O. T. School.

All my life I have wanted to be a stenographer. I have had a year of typewriting but I hope to finish my course, and go out into the world to serve others. When I get started I hope to help my sister through, and together we have planned to make a home.

No exciting things have happened in my life, but I have spent the happiest days in a boarding school. It is not impossible for an Indian to get an education if there is a will. I, who have not had as much as some, intend to make good by making use of a golden opportunity.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL

The schools which our Government has founded for the Indians have made it possible for many of the Indians to receive an education who otherwise could not have gone to school. Some could not have gone because they lived too far from a public school; some did not have the money to spend for an education; and some did not want an education because it had not been introduced to them in the right way.

At the introduction of schools for Indians they were compelled to attend, but it was not long until they realized what an education meant to them; and now parents of our younger Indians send their children to school. Some children are left orphans, and they are taken care of by our Indian Agents, who send them to one of these schools.

Our mother died and left four of us, from the ages of three up to ten years. We lived with our father a year after that. Within that year we lost our youngest brother. Our Agent enrolled us in a small Indian school and we entered the next fall. I am thankful for the opportunity that the old Indian police gave me and my brother and sister. I cannot imagine what we would have done and where we would be now if he had not enrolled us there. We have also been encouraged by our older relatives who have not gone on through high school. They have now realized what they have missed.

Our schools are being improved and enlarged from year to year; and we hope some day to have a regular college course for the Indian youth. Just like all other schools, ours will take time to become what we want it to be; and just like all such institutions there is always room for improvements.

Frances Archambeau.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY LIFE

I was born August 18, 1909, near Wister, Oklahoma. When I was six years old my mother died, and I was sent to my father's mother. While

AN ALL-INDIAN CAMP FIRE GIRLS' GROUP

Courtesy World Call.

staying with her I attended public school. Two years after Mother's death, Father married. Then I went to my new home.

At first my step-mother was very sweet and kind to me, but soon she became a very unpleasant woman to be around. I did all I could to please her, and being the only child she expected more of me for a child at my age and size. Finally Father decided to send me to an academy in southwestern Oklahoma.

After finishing the eighth grade, that being the highest grade, I came to Haskell in 1925 and have attended school here ever since. As this is my last year I dread leaving Haskell as I have enjoyed these school years, not only that, but the different activities, more especially the religious classes that are held on Fridays and the Y. W. C. A. I am president of the Y. W. C. A. and have enjoyed the work so well that I want to continue doing some work on that line.

Marie Frazier.

AN ALL-INDIAN CAMP FIRE GIRLS' GROUP

GIRLS' Camp Fire groups over the United States will be interested in this picture of an all-Indian Camp Fire group. The name of the Camp Fire group is Nash-Tum-Na, meaning "One Heart", and is organized at our Yakima Indian Christian Mission, White Swan, Washington. This group of girls in their Camp Fire activities and in this Camp Fire dress, symbolize the thing which we are trying to do for the Indian boys and girls at White Swan. We are attempting to conserve that which is rich and fine in the old life, and tie it into a Christian civilization.

Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, educational director of the Phelps Stokes Fund, says that the American Indian problem is fundamentally one of education, not merely of the head but social adjustment of the American Indian life to the best standards of modern civilization, which makes possible a genuine spiritual life for the Indian. Such an ideal of a complete education for Indian young people, coming from Thomas Jesse Jones, harmonizes with the idea presented by the young Indian Christian youth who presented the importance of Christian education in this picturesque illustration, "If you give me education you train my one hand, and I am able to do some things that may be good, maybe sometimes bad things; give me education and Christian religion, and you train my two hands and I am able to do many things and always desire that they be good things".

—*World Call.*

FORTY YEARS AFTER

Sketches of Former Hampton Girls

By Cora M. Folsom In the SOUTHERN WORKMAN

ADDIE STEVENS BOUCHER, so valuable to her people, was brought to Hampton as a little girl in 1883. After her three-year term she was taken home according to Government stipulation but the next year was picked up rather unceremoniously and brought back, this time to remain until after graduation and two years in Northern schools. Later she took an extended course in the Illinois Training School for Nurses in Chicago with the idea always of doing what is called field work among her own people, the Winnebagoes. In all this she has had the sympathy and the unofficial cooperation of her husband. Day by day she and her little Ford coupe traveled up and down among the now-scattered settlements visiting the sick and advising the well how to care for them. She was our guide on a two days' trip through the old reservation, now little towns, and we had a chance to see some of her work. We stopped to let her visit a sick woman and a new-born child, and to strap upon a deformed boy an intricate brace she had ordered for him. The pleasure of the child and the delight of the parents were worth seeing. A little later when we "held up" the United States mail and its attendant policeman in order to greet an old Hampton friend we found that this nurse had made all the arrangements for the man's tubercular son to enter a sanitarium. These evidences of unsuspected force made a great impression upon us and the attitude of respect and affection shown by the people confirmed it.

Besides her daily work in her own particular field Mrs. Boucher holds clinics for various purposes outside the reservations and has as attending physician and surgeon a Hampton graduate, Dr. George Frazier, a Sioux, who took a medical course in Denver and has been for years the leading physician among the Indians and white people in the neighborhood of Santee, Nebraska. He also holds a position under the State and has much to do in the way of public service.

At Walthill, as a part of the old Omaha reservation is called, we went to see the only one of the La Flesche girls now living, Marguerite Diddock. We found her in a very attractive home surrounded by her family and grandchildren. Her one unmarried son, attending the State University at Lincoln, was at home and one of the daughters lives near by.

Ever since they left school Marguerite and her sister Susan have served their people in almost every capacity possible to woman—or man. They have taught, cared for the sick and buried the dead, acted as interpreters, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and general advisors in all matters pertaining to the tribe or to individual welfare. Susan, who took a medical course in Philadelphia after graduating from Hampton, literally worked herself to death for she not only served the people, white and Indian, as physician but more often

than not as a nurse by necessity and because a wise and level-headed woman was called upon to assist in things more legal than medical. She was anxious to train Indian girls as nurses and after years of effort succeeded in getting a hospital built where this would be possible. A very attractive building bearing her married name, the Dr. Picotte Mission Hospital, still stands not far from her home at Walthill and has carried on her work for several years.

Our call upon Julia Decora Lukecart was an exceptionally interesting one. She is the only sister of Angel Decora, so well known as an artist and a teacher of Indian art at Carlisle. After Julia's graduation from Hampton she went into one of the Western schools as teacher and made a fine record there. Unlike most Indians she could save her money and with it she built a little bungalow near Dr. Picotte's hospital. In this she planned to spend her declining years of spinsterhood but there came along a good man—*the* man— and she gave up her maiden retreat to make a home for him on a farm and to help him care for his aged and invalid mother. Hard work and many deprivations have followed but she is still the cheerful, witty girl she was thirty years ago. Her "shanty" as she calls her abode is as neat as hands can make it and is interesting because of many little individual touches. The mother, bedridden at 92, lay on a carefully made couch near Julia's own and murmured to us most grateful and affectionate words of appreciation for her daughter's devotion and care. We had to go out and see the chickens—hundreds of them and of good breed. Julia takes great pride in these but we were most impressed by the fruit and vegetable garden and especially by the flower garden carefully fenced off for protection and kept alive by water laborously hauled from a distant well. It requires more than ordinary love of beauty to do this.

Mercy Conger Bonnin is an especially able woman and has been for several years holding the position of Clerk of Courts for Charles Mix County in South Dakota. In this position she has been so satisfactory to her white constituents that she has been re-elected again this fall for another term against two white men who were candidates for the position. We asked what she and her assistant found to do and this is her reply: "We keep all court records and files; take minutes at circuit and county courts; issue marriage licenses and record returns on same; keep record of all county pensions, juvenile court proceedings, insanity records, judgments, mechanic liens, fines, and probate, adoption, and guardianship proceedings; have full charge of vital statistics, reporting to State Board once a month and making death report to County Board once each month; we have full charge of all naturalization work, applications for passports, appeals to the Supreme Court, and drawing of jury for circuit court.

Now the woman capable of fulfilling this trust was the first of a large family to come to Hampton to school but at the expiration of her three-year term she had to return home. Her parents were so pleased with her that they wanted to keep her. So far

as they could see she had all the education she needed but we felt differently and so did she—with the result that by much persuasion we won out and she came back for another four years. Within a year of graduating she had to return home again and soon took a position as teacher, holding it for two years before her marriage to Henry Bonnin, an educated young Indian, and for several years after. Her wedding cards were the first ever received at Hampton from an Indian and the wedding itself was quite an affair, with Annie Dawson as bridesmaid and David Simmons as best man.

To our great delight and unexpected pleasure we had a call from a very early friend but one who had changed so much since we saw her that only her charming smile remained to remind us of the little girl who came to Hampton with one of the earliest parties. Such a bright and jolly little girl was Mary Traversie—always full of fun and always also full of mischief. After seven years she had to leave school and go home to help with a large family, four of whom became Hampton pupils at different times.

Mary was so beset with matrimonial offers that she took a position in the Government school where she could be more independent and so kept her head and her heart for several years. Finally a quiet youth, Edward Dupree, returned from Hampton and she followed him to his home a hundred miles from the agency. There his father, a Canadian of the old patriarchal type, had possessed himself of a large ranch (where he also had a herd of buffalo) and had settled all his married sons and daughters in homes near him, maintaining a little school for the accommodation of their children so that they need not be drawn into the Government schools. The youngest son had broken away a few years before and gone to Hampton; his homecoming was a great event for the family, especially as the young bride was willing to live among them. There must have been many complications to straighten out and much need of tact and a cheerful disposition. But the young woman won out and introduced into the little community many ideas of her own. These, constantly expanding, have made many worthy changes: church, Sunday school, women's societies have all grown up around her and her still handsome face shows what a happy heart can do under untoward conditions.

Religious work directors serving under the Home Missions Council and Council of Women for Home Missions are greatly concerned about the critical situation of Indian young people. They are helping them secure scholarships, cooperating with school authorities in vocational counseling, attempting to make contacts between the boys and girls going into towns and cities and their churches. They are building programs of religious education in the schools which center around these great life problems endeavoring so to stimulate Christian devotion and character that these young people who are really the hope of their race, will be able to keep to the Jesus road after school days are over.

A Hindu Wedding

As Told By A Hindu

THE ENGAGEMENT

WHEN a girl gets to be of age or a little earlier (often some years ealier), her parents remain on the look-out for a boy of the same caste, for a Brahman, a Brahman's son, for a Kashatriya, a Kashatriya's son, and so on. In the search for a boy, it is necessary for him to be educated, employed, and at least five or seven years her senior. He must not be of the same clan as that of the girl. The boy's selection is made, taking all these things into consideration.

The family barber is sent as the messenger from the girl's parents to the boy's house with a cocoanut, fourteen dried dates and some money, according to their means. He enters the house through the front doorway, both sides of which have previously been oiled, as an auspicious sign. He is then taken inside into the best room and treated as an honored guest . At the ceremonial functions pertaining to the engagement which now takes place, generally all the relatives of the boy are present, and betrothal symbols are given to him in their presence. Music is provided for the occasion, sweets are distributed. The relatives offer money to the boy. The barber is extremely well treated. He carries back with him a bag containing some gold jewelry, a silken sari, eleven seers (twenty-two pounds) of dried dates, raisins, almonds, cocoanuts, sweets, and henna to the girl's parents, who having received them, open the bag in the presence of the members of the family. The girl puts on the new clothes and wears them in the presence of her female relatives. She sits near the bag and after a night of singing and merry-making, distributes the contents. After a feast which is given to the relatives of the boy on a fixed day, the engagement ceremony is considered completed. The boy does not go to the girl's house until the wedding.

THE WEDDING

Some time after these ceremonies, when both parties may deem fit, a date for the marriage is appointed. Some Pundit is sent for, who after consulting the horoscope suggests a favorable date, which is sent in writing to the second party by the same barber. This letter is known as the "sahe" letter, or letter for fixing date. In the same letter, is indicated the number of persons that may accompany the marriage party. All correspondence is effected through the same barber.

The definite date is announced to the boy's and girl's relatives fifteen or twenty days before the wedding takes place. Both parties then busy themselves with preparations for the wedding. A sweet-maker is called to both homes, who makes sweets for the guests who will assemble in a few days at the beginning of the wedding festivities. For several days before the wedding, neighboring women and girls gather for an hour each day to sing. They are served with sweets and "pan", (a special condiment for chewing).

About six days before the wedding, the boy and the girl are anointed

A HINDU BRIDE AND GROOM

thoroughly with "batna", and a thread of specially dyed cotton is tied to their right wrists. From that day, they are not allowed to change their clothes, or to walk about alone. During these days, alms are given to the poor.

As the bridegroom and his party nears the home of the bride, music begins and fireworks are fired, in order to inform the bride's people of their arrival. After being formally received, the party is conducted to its halting place, where their meals are served, until the ceremony is over.

Early in the morning, the "siyanat" ceremony is performed, at which all the gifts given by the bride's parents are exhibited, and the bride is made to wear a pair of ivory bangles and a nose-ring given her by her maternal uncle. Wedding gifts are sent in by the groom's father, which include a silk "sari", dates, etc. Then the groom, about four hours before the ceremony, puts on his wedding clothes, some gold and flower fringe attached to a golden head-band is tied to his forehead, and he is made to ride on a decorated horse, accompanied by music, to an open place where fireworks are exhibited. At the termination of this, the relatives of both parties are introduced to each other, and all the guests belonging to the groom's party accompany him to the bride's house in a grand procession. They halt in front of the house, where they are met by the men belonging to the bride's party. After giving them sweets, they are sent back to their halting-place, except the groom, who is conducted to the bride's place. As he passes through the entrance, he touches with the point of a sword, a sieve which holds a lighted candle, and which is suspended from the center of the door. This he does, indicating that he is a worthy groom. As he proceeds, he is greeted by the bride's sister and friends, who joke with him for a short time, before escorting him into the room where the bride sits in a corner, wrapped completely. He ties a cotton thread, like that tied to their wrists, around her neck, signifying that she is his. After chanting some couplets known as "chand", he goes back to his party. They all accompany him now for the "phera" or real ceremony. The band plays all the time this is going on.

The "bedi", or special place prepared for the ceremony, is made inside the courtyard, with bamboo poles erected so as to form a square sufficiently large for eight people to sit around it easily. They sustain a frame, which is elaborately decorated with greenery and colors, the corners tied together with garlands. In the center of the square, is a small pit for fire, over which is placed a cooking vessel containing clarified butter. Another vessel nearby contains rice. The bride, wearing clothes given her by her maternal uncle, is carried in and put beside the groom, while the Pundits, one for each family, sit on the other side. They chant some Vedic Mantras, which are repeated by the two, while the butter which has been melted over the fire is slowly poured into the fire, with incense. Prayers are made to the gods, and certain oaths are taken, each promising fidelity to the other. They are led around the "bedi" four times, three times the bride following the

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groom and once the groom following the bride. The girl is then given away to the boy in a little ceremony of pouring of water, signifying that they have no more claim on her, and entrusting her to his care.

For the following two days, the wedding party is entertained in the bride's home, and no pains are spared in providing the best and the richest food possible. About three hours before the departure of the party and the girl, her parents put on display the dowry for the bride, and all the friends and relatives have an opportunity to admire them. Others also give presents at this time, which are received by the groom and the weeping bride.

THE DEPARTURE

Now comes a very pathetic scene. As the bride seats herself in the palanquin to be carried away to the new home, which she has never seen, she weeps constantly. The women relatives and friends sing and chant farewells and good wishes. The bride's father and all his guests accompany the party for some distance, the long procession being led by the band. One or two female servants of the bride's family accompany the bride, and stay with her the few days that she spends in her husband's home following the wedding.

THE ARRIVAL

There is great excitement in the groom's home before and on the arrival of the wedding party, bringing the bride. A special room has been prepared in which to receive and entertain her for the few days. The mother-in-law presents her with more jewelry, then she lifts her veil. The other women relatives and friends go in and see her, presenting her with gifts. The husband does not see her face until after this reception. The bride is treated very kindly. She is considered a guest in the home for this period of a few days.

A date is fixed, often as long as two years after the wedding, for the groom to take the bride to his father's home to stay. He spends two days in his father-in-law's home, when he goes to take her home. She is treated well and gradually becomes acquainted in her new home, taking up the responsibility of the housework.

The Editor of *The Womens Missionary Magazine,* sailed June 19 to visit the Holy Land, Egypt and various points in Europe.

In the party of one hundred under the Travel Institute of Bible Research there are eighteen United Presbyterians.

In a later issue we hope to give our readers some news of this wonderful pilgrimage.

Foreign Correspondence

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt

A VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

Conducted by Laura Dewairy, a graduate of the American Mission Girls' College, as she describes it.

The Vacation Bible School was held in the garden of the church in Ramleh for four weeks from the beginning of July until the end. I enrolled about twenty-five children, seven girls and the rest boys . Their record was irregular. Every day new faces appeared with the disappearance of old ones. All were Bedouin except one Copt. Just about two or three could read and write their names, and they were of those that went to the Kuttab. They were taught some Bible stories, some hymns and some hygiene, to count from one to one hundred, some adding, and to read and write words of three syllables.

I had no difficulty in gathering them the first week, because before school opened I visited all their huts and gave them some attractive colored pictures and some candy, taking their word that they would come the next day. The only reason I could give them, on their asking me several times the cause of my calling on them, was that I was quite alone at home and wished to have their company and to play games with them. I did not mention that we were going to have some lessons. The first week I had a great number. I gave them playthings and promised to give more if they would know their lessons. It was really wonderful to see how attentive they were, and nearly all took prizes. Candies and pictures were their afternoon tea. I had them an hour and a half each day except Sabbaths and sometimes Saturdays. They were twelve years old and under, very wild and extraordinary in character.

I was very much impressed to find that the boys did not like to have girls play with them, and they put them out of their way, so that the girls stopped coming. I found out that the boys are very good imitators and are led easily. Once I showed them the picture of a fly and explained to them what bad diseases it brought, so one stood up and spat on it. I had a hard time explaining that it was only a picture.

One day one of the boys came with a little piece of meat hanging down from his cap to his eye. And on asking him the reason for it he said that his mother had put it there to cure the eye from redness. When I told him to take it off he threw it away and never accepted to put it on again when his mother insisted on putting it there.

Also once a boy sent rumors through all the huts that I was preparing twenty-four knives to kill every boy that came near our house, and that day only two came, very afraid to step in.

The two important lessons I gained from the Vacation School this summer were patience and self-control. Sometimes I used just to keep myself from slapping a boy for his naughtiness and rudeness, and sometimes I used to cry, thinking of a way to keep the children in order. Moreover, vacation days became so short and passed quickly because they were full of joys and happiness as well as experiences and troubles.

INDIA

Mrs. Osborne Crowe, Sialkot, India, Editor.

"LINE UPON LINE"

By Miss Olive R. Laing, Rawalpindi, India.

During the first two terms of service in India, my work was in a boarding school in which the girls all came from Christian homes, but since returning from home a little over a year ago, it has been in a day school in the city where all but twenty of the girls come from non-Christian homes. There are over 180 girls in the school, the vast majority of whom are Mohammedans, the rest being Hindu, Sikh and Christian.

There are over sixty in the kindergarten, all "managed" by one teacher. I wish you could see them as they come each day, some dressed in nice clean clothes looking adorable with their bright colored shawls pinned around them with a safety pin; others of poorer or less enlightened families not very clean or attractive. But coming to school has made quite a difference in some of them for they've improved quite a little in cleanliness.

Their uncleanliness isn't all due to carelessness but much to ignorance. I remember last year when there was a small pox epidemic and we had all the children vaccinated by the Public Health officer, one woman in some way heard that the awful deed was being done and rushed to the school to save her child from the cruel infliction forced upon her by the school. Every teacher, I believe, tried to persuade her to let the child be vaccinated, explaining why, but she wouldn't submit and took her child home. Now, of course, she has every reason for saying "I told you so", for the child did not take small pox and die.

One little boy got a very bad arm for when it began to fester they gathered up some ashes and bound them on his arm with a filthy rag and of course that didn't help any. I went to his home and talked to his mother and she agreed to stop binding it up and in a short time it was well. Much has been done through the schools in helping to make the homes cleaner and more sanitary but progress certainly seems slow at times.

Of the four girls in the sixth class, one has been out over a month. She has tuberculosis and will likely never recover . I went to see her one morning and her mother let me in and led me through a small room which was unoccupied, into a larger one about ten by fifteen feet in size. She went in before me and it was so dark that I had to grope my way in, though when I had been there a little while I could see around. There was a fire burning and beside the sick girl four others were in the room. The girl was on a bed in one corner of the room with heavy bed clothes over her and every window and door shut tight, as the mother said she had complained of being cold. Her brother, a boy of about fifteen, was standing in the room and about half a dozen times spit at the wall. I explained at length the evil of this and of not having fresh air, and hope it may have done some good, though it isn't a very hopeful hope. This is a "good" family, but the father, who was a hakim or doctor, has been dead many years. One daughter is a teacher in the Government High School in Lyallpur, a son is in college studying for his B.Sc. degree and another daughter is a teacher in a high school in Lahore. And yet this condition prevails in their home. They have taken the child to Lahore for treatment from an old doctor who is a friend of the family and have not yet returned so I don't know how she is getting on. Though they are Mohammedans, they allowed me to pray before I left and asked me to continue to pray for her.

Year by year sees progress and improvement and though slow we have no need to get discouraged for with the teaching of domestic science and hygiene in the schools, people are more and more applying it in the homes. Patience is necessary and frequently rewarded.

ABYSSINIA

Mrs. Fred L. Russell, Editor, Addis Ababa

SETTING UP A NEW HOME

By Mary Frances Maxwell, Sayo, Abyssinia

Rev. Buchanan has taken my husband on an evangelistic trip with him, and Mrs. Buchanan has taken our two little girls with her to a women's meeting, after which they were going to have a picnic dinner under a tree, and so with the baby asleep the day seems to afford the opportunity to tell you about getting settled in Sayo. Our journey from New York to Sayo was full of God's many goodnesses. The last two days were, of course, the hardest since they must still be travelled by mule. The first of these days it rained on us for two hours, just in the middle of the day, and as our little girls were just beginning to whoop, having been exposed to the whooping cough on one of the boats, we feared very much what such a soaking would do to them, but the Great Physician prevented any bad results, and they came through remarkably well. Our clothes refused to dry hanging in a tent over night, and the second morning we had to pull on our wet clothes and start out. After an hour or two the sun and the wind did their drying work and we managed to get on our best smiles to meet the Sayo folks. The men of the station had been invited to the Governor's house that day, but all the women and children rode out about two hours to meet us, and brought with them a delicious dinner, which we enjoyed on the side of one of the mountains under a big tree, at the same time enjoying the fellowship of these friends. After this refreshment we rode on into Sayo, and in the evening had another meal together.

A COMFORTABLE MUD HOUSE

We had expected to live in three or four rooms for some months, but here we found Mr. Henry hard at work repairing and adding to a little house which wasn't being used by anyone. It had originally been a little summer home for some Australian Sudan missionaries, but their funds hadn't allowed them to spend vacations here in late years. And now you should see us. We have room to spread out; my husband even has a work room, where he delights to take a little recreation at carpentering, and a den or study, things he has never had before. Of course, it is still just a plain, ordinary "primitive" house, with mud brick walls, covered with mud plaster, soft, red brick floors, and grass roof. but we are remarkably comfortable even so. And we have one thing that even America's millions couldn't improve—a magnificent view of valley and mountains. Would that all the atheists and cynics might live in such a spot as this, and look out on God's handiwork every day!

In getting our things carried up from Gambela over these mountains we found that it was literally and figuratively an up-hill job. When the boat season ended, there were so many hundreds of loads to be carried that the carriers were asking exorbitant prices, and we thought we should wait till their prices were down some. For several weeks we slept on Henrys' beds, with Buchanans' bedding, sat on chairs belonging to Misses McKibben and Blair, and cooked in everyone's kitchen utensils. By the last of November everything had arrived except the bathtub, and it still awaits some giant's hands. One set of men bravely tackled it at Gambela and after carrying it probably a third of the way set it down by the side of the road and went in search of lighter loads. Another set of men went down from here to finish the job, but they, too, gave up; and the bathtub still sits by the side of the road.

You have probably long wondered if all the missionaries in Abyssinia were California-trained, as they

write of the delightful cool climate, but I am from Iowa and I find wool none too warm.

CLEVER BUT NEEDY

As for the people, when God made them, certainly He made a very clever and capable race, but how victorious Satan has been in winning them for his purposes. They must surpass all races in their ability to lie and steal, in pride, in bribery. The land is full of officials and petty officials, and to quote from "Jezebel", "There's more foolin' than rulin'." Last fall our hopes were high for an automobile road from Gambela up here, but after twenty of the thirty-five miles were completed troubles arose and the only solution that could be found was to stop the road-building. The country is full of such governing.

Pray for the Abyssinian missionary, and pray for the Abyssinian. I have never seen as many unhappy faces assembled in one place as I see each Sabbath when I go into our little church here at Sayo. But the power of the Gospel has not been lessened, and when their lives have been transformed, their faces will be also.

SUDAN

Mrs. R. F. Shields, Editor

SHULLA STORIES

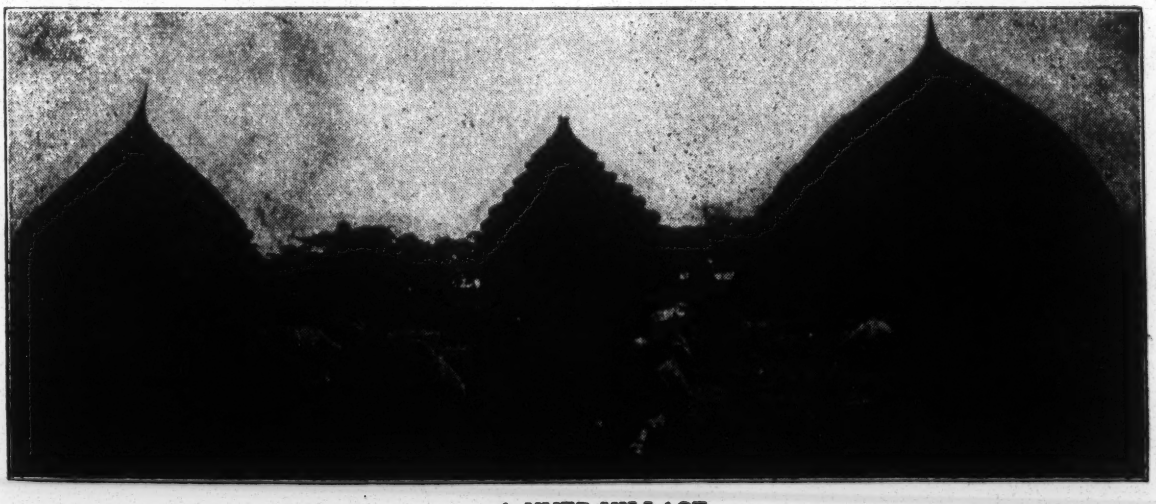
(These stories have been written by two Shulla boys who have been in the homes of missionaries, in schools, and have had a large part in the translation of the Shulla language and taken part in the printing of the books now used in the school in Doleib Hill. They have been sent in by Mrs. Gephardt without correction——Editor).

WHEN I WAS A BOY

By Awok Tut. (He is not yet twenty)

When I was a boy we went to the place where the cows were feeding. Every day we would go hunting for turtles in the wet places. When we found them we took them to another place near the river and hide them in the reeds where the people would not see them.

One day I found a little one and put it under my arm pit and came on to the place where the cows were kept at night and passed into the barn to put it into the fire there. Soon I found that it had taken hold of my skin. I tried to pull it off, but I could not loosen it. I tried again, this time I must of make a noise, I tried the third time and a man heard my voice and came but he did not help me he only sat down by the barn and laughed at me. The man who did



A NUER VILLAGE

help was my uncle. The others were sitting down laughing at me. They were Happy. As for me, the turtle had torn my skin. Now I will not put a little turtle under my arm pit again.

A NUER CHRISTIAN

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

THE LEOPARD, HYENA AND THE RABBIT

By La Ameloke

Once upon a time the leopard and the hyena were traveling to the village of the leopard's father-in-law. On the way they found a pool which had many fish in it. The leopard said "hyena, who will catch some fish for us from this pool?" I am the ruler with a good skin on me, I cannot go. The hyena said "I will catch some for us." He went into the pool and brought some out.

The leopard asked for some fire to roast the fish . The hyena said "How can we get fire, we are far from the village?" The leopard looking up saw the sun going down said "Ho, friend, look there is fire, go get some." The hyena has no mind (he always believed all the leopard says) trotted off. While he was gone the leopard make a fire and eats the fish but two. When the hyena returns, without the fire, he sees all the fish are gone says "Where are the fish." The leopard said "The people of the pool came and took them all but two."

They came late in the day to the village, where food was served to them.

It being cool the leopard asked his father-in-law if they could sleep in the barn. He said "yes, you may." They were soon fast asleep.

The leopard wakened in the middle of the night and ate all the sheep. He took blood and put on the hyena's skin and bones in his bed. The hyena still slept.

The leopard was up early. He called to the hyena "Get up and give the herder the sheep." Sleepily the hyena says "Where are the sheep?" "Why look!" said the leopard, "There is blood on your skin and bones in your bed, how this?" Just then the people came and was quite sure that the hyena was the thief. So they picked up sticks, ropes and whips and beat him leaving him half dead.

Not long after this trip the rabbit made the travel with the leopard to the same village. The hyena was the uncle of the rabbit, so the rabbit was very sorry for the trouble his uncle had brought to him by the leopard, the last time.

When they reached the pool this time the leopard tried to send the rabbit to catch the fish. At first the rabbit went into the pool and the leopard stood away back from it as he did when the hyena was along. The rabbit began fishing and throwing them

out on the bank mud and all. They all hit the leopard. The leopard said "Why do you throw the fish and mud on my skin?" The rabbit said "I am sorry friend. "Why, Look! there is mud on your fine skin, why not come in the pool and help me?" The leopard hesitated, then slowly went to help catch the fish.

When the sun was setting, he tried to send the rabbit to bring fire as he had sent the hyena. But the rabbit was wiser than the hyena he did not believe the leopard's words. He ran into the grass not far away and hid himself. The leopard made a fire and roasted the fish and was ready to eat them when out jumps the rabbit and said, "Why do you eat the fish by yourself?" The surprised leopard said, "O! come and have some, too."

When they reached the village of the father-in-law the leopard asked again to sleep in the barn as before. In the night he wakens again and eats the sheep. He put blood on the rabbit's skin and bones in his bed, then he goes back to his bed.

The rabbit wakened early and went to the river to bathe. When he returned he put the bones in the leopard's bed and blood on his fine skin, while the leopard sleeps on.

When the sun came up and the boy was sent for the sheep. No sheep were there. The leopard jumps up at once and was about to put the blame on the rabbit, when the people saw the blood on his fine skin and bones in his bed, so they waited for no words but picked up sticks, ropes and whips and beat him, leaving him half dead and suffering.

WHAT THE MISSIONARY GIVES TO THE SUDAN

By Awok Tut

Now, in my country we have different kinds of foreigners. (there are American, Britishers, Greeks, Arabs, etc.) as explanation in parenthesis. And from the foreigner, (first two) we get good things. First they teach us about God and Jesus. Some of my people have become Christians.

After that they made a place where they teach us to read and write, and now some of us can read in our own language and a little in English.

Therefore, my country will get better, because the words of Jesus will spread over my country and reach the people who know little about Jesus. We who know a little about God will tell our friends.

Also we are very sorry because some people are far away from church and no one to go to them. They still have their customs. But we know that sometime they will hear and follow Jesus.

Bible Reading

311. Gen. 2:8,9.
312. Rev. 22:14.
313. Rev. 2:7.
314. John 1:1,3.
315. Col. 1:15,16.
316. Prov. 4:3,4.
317. Prov. 4:4-19.
318. John 3:19.
319. John 8:12.
320. Jas. 1:12.
321. Where is Jesus called "finisher of our faith"?
322. Who spake of a "crown of righteousness" being laid up for us?
323. What prophet spoke of the deceitfulness and wickedness of the heart?
324. What did Jesus say Proceeded out of the heart?
325. Locate David's prayer for a clean heart.
326. Where recorded that the Lord searcheth the heart, etc.?
327. What difference are we told is there between God and man in the judging of man?
328. "Shall not God search this out for He knoweth the secrets of the heart"—where found?
329. Where recorded that God promises to take out "the stony heart"?
330. What promise is there to the one who does not "despise the chastening of the Lord"?

Thank-Offering Department

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-Offering Secretary
905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE LOST THANK-OFFERING BOXES

How dear to my heart are those Thank-Offering boxes.
Those Thank-Offering boxes they gave us last Fall,
So careful we've kept them, so choice we've been of them,
We scarcely can tell where we put them at all.

We've hunted all over from garret to cellar,
In boxes, in corners, in closet and hall.
Where could we have hidden those Thank-Offering boxes,
Those Thank-Offering boxes they gave us last Fall?

They asked for our dollars, our dimes, our nickles,
Even wee bits of money we scarcely would miss,
We surely expected to fill to o'er-flowing
Those Thank-Offering boxes—Oh! long, long ere this.

The heathen are dying, they're groping in darkness,
They cry, "Come and help us", to one and to all.
But what shall we do and oh! where can we find them,
Those Thank-Offering boxes they gave us last Fall?

At last we have found them, those Thank-Offering boxes,
In depths of the dresser drawer tucked out of sight;
Buried deep under gloves, laces, ribbons and feathers,
Yes! hidden in corners as dark as the night.

Oh! had we but put them, where we could have found them,
We'd have them quite full just as likely as not.
We wanted to fill them when last fall we took them,
But laid them away and just simply forgot.

Every day is a day to make good resolutions.
Each day is a day to begin life anew.
Let all resolve that henceforth and forever
Those Thank-Offering boxes shall be kept in full view.

We'll save here a quarter and we'll save there a nickle,
We'll ever remember the heathens' loud call,
We'll not only pray, but those Thank-Offering boxes
Shall be filled to o'er-flowing for the "In-gathering" next Fall.

—Adapted from poem in "The Indicator."

A MESSAGE TO CONGREGATIONAL THANK-OFFERING SECRETARIES

Dear Thank-Offering Secretary:

You have been chosen by your society to a very important work. No work is greater than directing the members to recognize God as the giver of all their blessings and that they should express their gratitude to Him by their thank-offerings. Hoping to be a help to you, I suggest the following as duties of each Thank-Offering Secretary:

First—Plan something on the subject of the thank-offering for each monthly meeting of the society. The Thank-Offering Questions for the monthly program may help you. Send for a set for the society.

Second—See that each member has a thank-offering box and uses it.

Third—Set a goal as the amount your society should give in your next offering.

Fourth—Place your Thank-Offering poster where all can see it. May it be a constant reminder.

Fifth—The President and Thank-Offering Secretary of each missionary society in your congregation constitute the committee to arrange for observance of self denial week (the

week previous to the ingathering) and also make all plans for the service of the annual ingathering. Plan the very best program possible. Many of the societies give one of our thank-offering pageants during the previous week in order that all may think of the great need in all fields. The new pageant this year is "Christians' Thank-Offering".

Sixth—Send for leaflets and envelopes for each member. White envelopes for Women, blue for Young Women, and pink for Juniors.

Seventh—Send each member a personal invitation when you send thank-offering envelopes and literature.

Eighth—Decide early on date of ingathering and advertise, advertise, and ADVERTISE.

Ninth—The treasurer of each society takes charge of the thank-offering, counts it, and reports the amount to the thank-offering secretary. The treasurer sends money to the Presbyterial Treasurer. In sending Life Membership and Life Directorship fees, the name must accompany the money, and the money must accompany the name.

Tenth—Cooperate with your Presbyterial thank-offering secretary in carrying out any wise plan she may suggest, and have her to meet with you at least once a year. Early in the fall she will send you a blank for the report of your society. Fill the blank carefully and return to her address before December 31. Your delay may keep your Presbyterial from the Honor Roll.

May every woman in your congregation have a part in the coming "Ingathering". Keep in close touch with your special work by reading our two Missionary Magazines from month to month.

In all your plans give prayer the first place. Begin, continue, and end your efforts in prayer. Earnest, persevering prayer can do great things in increasing our gifts for the Lord's work.

May God bless you in your work and lead you into greater service in the future.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

THE JUNIOR THANK-OFFERING

W H Y ?

By Mrs. W. R. McMunn

Why should Juniors give a Thank-Offering? Let us consider some of the many reasons we, as children in Christians homes in America, have for being thankful to "Our Father". It has been said that Jesus is the only founder of one of the world's great religions, who paid any attention to children. We are told of His great love for the little children, how He gathered them about Him, and took them up into His arms and blessed them saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven". The first and greatest reason we, who live in Christian lands, have for being thankful, is that we know Jesus and we know of His great gift of love for us. He gave Himself for us.

We are grateful for God's word. It tells us about Jesus. Without it we would never have known of God's great plan of salvation for the world. We would know nothing of the great sacrifice Jesus made for us. Without the promises of God our lives would be without joy, hopeless and sad. Without the example and words of Jesus to guide us, we would be as the heathen, stumbling in dense darkness. It is very hard to realize what it would mean to us never to have had God's precious word. Without the great blessings it has brought us we would be in the same pitiable condition in which our missionaries find the peoples to whom they go. We can never be thankful enough for the precious heritage of the Bible. Many brave men and women in centuries past gave up their lives as martyrs that the Bible might be preserved for future generations. Many people do

not love God's word. We are grateful to Him not only for the Bible, but also because He has put a love for the Bible into our hearts.

We are so thankful to God that He gave us Christian parents and happy Christian homes. When we think of all the children in other lands whose parents are ignorant and superstitious, whose homes oftentimes are bare and unkempt, affording only a shelter with few or no comforts, we are very thankful that in God's plan we have been placed in Christian homes, where we have had loving care and all the many advantages we could not have received anywhere else.

We are so grateful for the wonderful opportunity children in Christian America have for obtaining the best education. Wherever the knowledge of Jesus has gone, schools have also gone. Children in lands where Jesus is unknown, do not have the opportunity that we have, to study and improve their minds, and so they grow up to be men and women who cannot read or write and who do not know anything about all the wonderful things God has made and placed in the world for our benefit and enjoyment.

Again, we are thankful for doctors, nurses and hospitals, where our sick people may be cared for and brought back to health. Heathen lands have none of these excepting where Christian missionaries have taken them. They are only to be found in places where the knowledge of Jesus, the great physician, Who went about doing good, has taken them. Children in our country receive the medical care that helps them grow up with strong bodies. Proper food, exercise and clothing are provided. Every thing that loving parents and teachers can do is done to make our children happy. How different where children are thrown out to die from neglect or offered as sacrifices to terrible idols! Many a little girl baby has been cast out to die because she was not wanted, and many a little boy has been offered to some dreadful idol, not because his mother did not love him, but because he was the most precious gift she could bring, and she feared the anger of her heathen gods. How thankful we are for all the dear little boys and girls in our homes! How glad we are that we can keep them each one and love them!

How thankful we are for all the things we have which bring us pleasure; for all of our good times; our friends and playmates with whom we spend so many pleasant days; our books, our music and games which furnish us with so many happy hours; the pleasant vacation trips. God has filled our lives with happy surprises. He tells us that every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father. God has also commanded us in His word to bring all our Thank-Offerings into His storehouse.

Since God has given us so many wonderful blessings, would we not be very ungrateful to Him if we continued to receive these blessings day after day without expressing our gratitude to Him? How, then, can we thank Him? We can thank Him in prayer each day, for all the good things He has given to us. We can also bring to Him the gifts of money He has commanded. All our Juniors can bring to Him their little pink Thank-Offering boxes, filled with the Thank-Offerings His gifts of love have prompted us to return to Him. How happy our Heavenly Father is to receive all of these, and how greatly He blesses all those who honor Him and the gifts they bring, for He has told us that "It is more blessed to give than to receive". When we are very young the habits, which in later life bring us blessing or trouble, are formed. We cannot begin too young to form the habit of being grateful for all the good things which come to us. Nothing will so enrich and bless our lives to the very end as the habit of recognizing all God's blessings and mercies to us and sincerely thanking Him for them.

Young Women's Department

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOTTO—"Do not be a mere STARTER—Be a FINISHER."
AIMS—1. Support the Special so that Egypt may have a share, too.
2. A Circle or a Y. W. society in every congregation.
3. Support each of the Seven Departments.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1930—1931

Support of Girls' Boarding School, Pasrur, India, $4,350. Salaries—Home—Mrs. J. W. Pollock, Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R. N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Sallie E. Dickey, Corsicana, Texas, $2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gorei, Abyssinia; Miss Mary Coie, Wadi Halfa, Sudan, $1,600. Total askings, $8,630.

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETIES FOR THE 1931 REPORT

Allegheny Presbyterial—Harmarville Y. W. Circle, 12 members, Pres. Mary E. Powers.

Cleveland Presbyterial — Poland Avenue, Struthers Y. W. M. S., 32 members, Pres. Mary I. Cooper.

Caledonia Presbyterial—Kenmore Laura Reynolds M. S., 18 members, Pres. Mrs. Russell Weller.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL FUND

The objects for the Special remain the same as the past year. The amount asked of societies is also the same or $8,630, an average of ONE DOLLAR per member.

This is the first year for quite some time that receipts did not exceed the amount asked, this in view of the fact that we did so want to extend some special support to Egypt. It would have been especially fine to have done so this year when Egypt's girls were thinking of America's girls in such a beautiful way,—making a gift of their handiwork.

One aim for the *new* year is to so *enlarge* the Special as to be able to at least *begin* the financing of a special object in Egypt .

June is the "nest egg" month for the Y. W. Special. Some of the amounts reported for this month are, in dollars—36, 79, 81, 98, 60, 186, 106, 83, 153, 144, 158, 2, 94.25, and this June 94. Not very large? No, but just watch the nest fill up! When every society is alive to the need, it will be full to overflowing!

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S PRESBYTERIAL PENNANT

No opportunity has come to award such a pennant. Or you may think it should be a silver cup? If so, make your thoughts audible by letter. A pennant may seem entirely too common for such uncommon people as our girls and young women!

First, become ONE HUNDRED PER CENT organized then capture the remaining nine points. Every community has girls. Nearly every community has its high school. Many high schools have the Girls' Reserves. Why not every church its Girls' Mission Circle? Search about to discover if perhaps you are calling a possibility an impossibility. Think about the need for an education of Christian girls in missions—the biggest business in the world, THE BUSINESS of the CHURCH.

A second aim for the year is a *circle* or *Y. W. society* in every congregation.

THE SEVEN DEPARTMENTS

Two hundred and thirty-four societies received kerchiefs for complying with the printed plan. If any mistake was made in taking the report off the presbyterial blank, an attempt will be made to rectify it.

Begin early to contribute to these departments. Try to support the whole work.

THE KERCHIEFS

Miss Minnehaha Finney, who suggested the possibility of securing these articles from the girls of our

schools in Egypt and who will tell you how they are made, made it very plain to the convention that "kerchiefs" and not "handkerchiefs" were the objects in question.

All who were privileged to visit the Junior exhibit room at the convention in Greensburg could not but be impressed by the lines of vari-colored kerchiefs strung about. There were reds, blues, greens, orchid, cream, yellow, gray and black and perhaps other colors.

We do want to thank our friends in Egypt again for their thought and labor expended in the interest of the girls and young women of our church in America. True not all societies were eligible to receive kerchiefs, some having failed by just one omission or perhaps placed one item in the wrong column. To try and then fail is not defeat, but not to even try is failure. Low aim the poet tells us is crime.

Congratulations to all societies and presbyterials that took the matter of the kerchiefs seriously. You will feel next year that you should do as well as the previous year even if no "kerchief" is awaiting you.

Miss Finney has promised to tell you how the material, the trimming, the kerchiefs themselves came into being. We thank her again for her interest and labor.

YOUR JOB

Henry van Dyke once wrote—"There is just one point at which all people resemble one another—that is, they are all different"! We are told that Nature has no duplicates. Two leaves on the same twig, two blades of grass, two snowflakes; or, a set of twins, even the two sides of the face of a person are not altogether alike. Nature is noted for her variety.

Because no two things of any one order are entirely alike, we should not expect any two to perform the same functions in an identical manner. Thus variety in the way of performing work. Teachers need to take stock of themselves. Oftentimes the pupil is not permitted to be individual in the solution of a problem but must accept one plan,—the teacher's. For instance, some children are bewildered when aid is given by an educated parent if the whole problem receives a zero mark although the same conclusion is reached by teacher and parent. "What is truth"? is a question in the pupil's mind. Also, "Is there only one correct way and teacher has it"? One well educated in mathematics says there are almost numberless correct methods to work a problem. Thus no instructor can be too cocksure of her method as the only one.

To be too insistent on one's way of doing a work may suggest a lack of preparation on the part of the instructor.

We must not confuse method and principle. Principle is unchanging. The application of principle is method.—Principle is truth. Truth is eternal. Therefore, principle is eternal.—Is that a fair deduction? Are the premises correct? We want to be sure that our thinking is based on rock foundation. After that, let method have her way as long as it is sane.

One great fear that seems to reside in many lives is that of not being able to do a job just like some other one. If God had wanted such repetition, He would have created man so one would act just like another. But He did not do this hence He must enjoy variety, too. Each one is supposed to do her work right but in her own way. This should be a great comfort to the timid soul. It should re-assure the one who dreads comparisons. She who has a peculiarly distinctive manner should be happy.

The because people arrive at the same conclusion after a variety of ways; since one missionary society can do good work and yet not travel the exact road of a sister society;

since localities differ and needs make an appeal according to communities, let us not be disturbed because we are not as alike as two peas in a pod SEEM to be.

The important thing to remember is that each of us has her own job to perform and in the right way but with an individual trade-mark. Also, that since we are individual, no one can do our work just as we can do it hence the necessity for faithful, persistent effort. As a writer has said, "No one can give your money, pay your visits to the sick or make your contribution to a world of suffering and need". This should help us to appreciate our value as individuals and at the same time make us realize that no one dare shirk doing her best *"for no other person can do your work in the world"*.

Y. W. RALLY OF PUGET SOUND PRESBYTERIAL

On February 28th, a rally was held in the church dining room, Everett, Washington, where a fine dinner was served to seven members of the Bamba Circle of Seattle, four members of the Mt. Vernon Society and nine members, four visitors and the sponsor of the Nellie Lanning Circle of Everett. After dinner all joined in singing several songs. We then progressed to the Young People's Rooms where our program was held.

The secretaries of the three societies represented responded to the roll call by giving the number of members in their society and the number at the rally, also giving some of the activities of their societies.

We were favored with a talk by Miss Williams of the Everett Y. W. C. A. on the "Growing of a Me and the Growing of a We".

Mrs. Jamieson gave us an interesting talk on "The Prayer Cycle" and Mrs. Walrath on the advantage of subscribing to and reading *The Womens Missionary Magazine.*

Miss Ada Wherry discussed the points that were required to gain the trophy, several of which seemed impossible of accomplishment for this year but can be kept in mind and worked for another year. (Note:— If this far off presbyterial can hold a rally, how about yours? You district is much more compact than are the far west and southern presbyterials).

A DELIGHTFUL PARTY

Miss Viola Bayne was the honor guest at a delightful party given by the Young Women's Missionary Circle of the Sixth Curch, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., at the home of a member, Miss Maud E. Highton, Bellevue, Pa., Saturday, May 10. The house was beautifully decorated in dogwood and other spring flowers. The very efficient social and program committees cooperated with the officers in providing delightful entertainment. A delicious dinner was enjoyed by the seventy-five or more guests. In addition to the large number of Circle girls, there were present several "outsiders", including Miss Bayne's mother and sister, Dr. F. J. Scott, pastor of the church, Mrs. Scott, the new president of the Circle, Mrs. J. D. Sands, President of the Women's Board, Mrs. J. M. Heagen, Editor of the *Junior Missionary Magazine,* Mrs. W. R. McMunn, Junior Secretary, Miss Ida B. Little, Young Women's Secretary and her sister Miss Annetta M. Little, Miss Mary Clark, Librarian at Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, and Miss Elsie Grove of the Sudan.

The girls of the Circle presented Miss Bayne with a wrist watch, Dr. Scott making the presentation speech. This speech and Miss Bayne's response were both in happy vein. While at the table original and personal poems and songs, prepared for the occasion, were enjoyed. It was a day long to be remembered by Miss Bayne who is a nurse under the Women's Board at Gorei, Abyssinia, as well as by those who will tarry in the homeland.

Miss Highton's home with its large, airy rooms and spacious veranda lent itself splendidly to such a large reception. To an onlooker, this group of young women seemed to have caught the vision of how to really stand back of its missionaries, in upholding them while on the field and in helping to bridge the chasm during the periods of service, when missing the home touch, by crowding the year at home full of pleasant memories; yes, even to overflowing. The thoughtfulness and affectionate interest of the Circle girls shown to Miss Bayne while at home are an earnest of what they will be to her when she is in a far land. But when we looked into her bright young face which fairly beamed when she spoke of her eagerness to get back to her beloved Abyssinia, all our misgivings were dispelled—for the time at least. She has caught the real vision. If like her we had heard the command "Go ye" and "tarried until endued with power" as she must have, then answered the call with such consecration, it would not be hard to understand why she was so joyful. The wonder was—who from that group listening to the glories of service in a far land may be drawn to answer the call so winsomely presented.

Your society may wish to honor some missionary in similar fashion. That you may have a good start, two of the songs are here quoted:

(To the tune of Tipperary).

It's a good time to get acquainted, It's a good time to know
All the hustlers and all the live ones—That are here to make things go.
Here're cheers for Viola—Here're cheers for Viola Bayne;
We will all join hands and pull together—For our dear friend.

(To the tune of Perfect Day).

We are nearing the end of a perfect day—Which should long remain in our thoughts,
It should send each guest and member away—With the joy that the day has brought.
For Missions means service at work and at play—And friendships that never fail.
So we'll grasp at the end of this perfect day—The hands of Viola Bayne.

Should you wish to know about any of the very clever and entertaining games used during the afternoon and evening, Miss Highton, the hostess, of 254 Lincoln Avenue, Bellevue, can put you in touch with those who can give full details.

ATTENTION

is called to an omission in the Standard of Efficiency column on the Young Women's blank of Oklahoma Presbyterial. The Tulsa Young Women's society was much disappointed not to hear its name read at the Greensburg Convention in the list of those reporting one hundred per cent efficiency. We are certain it was an oversight on the part of the secretary in filling out the blank. This statement is made that all may know that the Tulsa society should have been reported at Greensburg.

In a similar connection, at least three societies said they felt they should have been awarded a kerchief for contributing to each of the Seven Departments and having same recorded on the annual blank. When access to the blanks is possible, this matter will be checked up and societies notified what the blanks say. If they were incorrectly read for the Young Women's report, the societies shall receive their awards.

It may be said that in one case the presbyterial Y. W. secretary noticed that the local secretary, in reporting contributions, misplaced one item. The presbyterial secretary saw to it that the correction was made and the society received its kerchief. This particular secretary had been most careful when sending out the blue blanks, having numbered the Seven Departments as—1, 2, 3, up to 7! In spite of this care, an error was made. How very human we all are, none of us being infallible!

Methods

New programs are gratefully received, Mrs. T. W. Moore, 117 E. Wylie Ave., Washington, Pa., sent in the year book of Third Washington Y. W. M. S. It is hand-made, blue as to cover and the pages are mimeographed and neatly clipped to the place. A debate on the relative merits of Home and Foreign missions, "Foreign Mothers", the new foreign book, "A Cloud of Witnesses" and other topics find place during the year. For the most part the roll call is very closely related to the subject in hand. A very attractive sketch—trees, water, a boat, etc., on the August page is significant.

Quotations are found on every page. One reads "Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives;—For every word and deed—Lies in the thought that prompted it—As the flower lies in the seed".

The Jean Black Circle of Second Butler, Pa., has been faithful for several years in sending in its program for review. This year is no exception. Mrs. Mary Cousins, 609 3rd St., Butler is correspondent. This society is specializing on the work of our several mission fields, a very valuable plan to follow frequently. The booklet is dressed in blue and black lettered, neatly printed and very attractive.

Some apt quotations are:—"He that does good to another does good to himself"; "I'll help you and you help me—And then what a helping world there'll be"; "Books are lighthouses built on the Sea of Time"; "For life is a mirror of king and slave,—'Tis just what you are and do;—So give to the world the best you have,—And the best will come back to you".

The Jean Campbell Circle of Second Butler has also been a frequent contributor of its program book. This year it is bright red tied with red ribbon and the pages are lettered in red . Charlotte Torrence, 304 East Brady St., is correspondent. Hospitals and schools in the foreign field are pitted against one another in debate, the statement being that hospitals do more good than schools. This discussion should evoke study and thought. Another evening is given over to a discussion of three questions: 1. Who need the Gospel in America and why? 2. How can our society be more successful? 3. Is a missionary's life necessarily circumscribed or is there opportunity for development and expansion?

The list of Life Members is found on one page and members away at college or elsewhere are listed under a special designation.

Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa., W. M. S. year-book is recently off the press. The motto is, "Not to be served but to serve". A pleasurable time is in prospect,—a visit to the Home for the Aged at Wilkinsburg, Pa. Not only a trip but a program of music, violin and voice, an impersonation of a woman in India, readings, etc., promising a worthwhile afternoon for all in attendance. Any society convenient to the city would find such a visit not only interesting to the visiting society but a pleasure to the "family" in the Home.

The famous "Auto Trip Thru Dixie", sponsored by the American Board is to be reviewed by some members of the society who were on the trip. Stewardship is to claim the attention one day and *The Womens Missionary Magazine* is to receive due consideration another month. This booklet of eighteen pages contains many other items of interest. Write Mrs. J. C. Pinkerton, 1403 Tolma Ave., South Hills Branch, Pittsburgh, Pa., for fuller information.

The Young Women's Missionary Society of Sixth Allegheny (N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.), has a very attractive year-book, done in sepia for the

most part. A poem just inside the front cover is worth pondering:

"Is your place a small place?
Tend it with care,
He set you there!
Is your place a large place?
Guard it with care,
He set you there!
Whate'er your place,
It is not yours alone
But His who set you there".

Some months ago there was reference made in this department to a society that kept the face of its missionary or a missionary before the membership by pasting it on the program book. This Sixth Church reads the Methods page! Its year-book contains a cut of its missionary, Miss Elizabeth McKibben; also, her present address and the month and date of her birth.

This society lists nine different committees. Some of the unusual ones are Poster. Busy Bee, Reception, Sunshine, Hospitality.

Many confess lack of knowledge of our mission fields. In these days when those from other communions come into fellowship in our churches, it is very necessary to acquaint them speedily of their new responsibilities. The society referred to above takes care of this partly by including current events, (we would assume of a missionary type), at each meeting. Mission study and missionaries are prominent on the program. One very unusual feature is a Circle Party given in the home of one of the members in honor of a missionary, Miss Viola Bayne. More about this party will be noted elsewhere.

Under the statement of the contributions of the year are these lines:

GIVING

Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you would meet His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took.

Miss Mary Howell, Care of Sixth United Presbyterian Church, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa., is chairman of the Program Committee.

The Parnassus, Pa., Y. W. M. S. program contains an urge on the outside of the front cover in three words, "Pray", "Watch", "Give". The first page has this motto, "A daily gift, a daily prayer—That soon the world our Christ may share". First hand knowledge of certain fields is to be given by missionaries from those fields. The Prayer Cycle has a place at each meeting and at the close of the year a quiz on the Cycle is to be held. A "True and False Test" is to follow the presentation of the mission study text one month. At the close of another a questionnaire is to occur. An "Intelligence Test" is also proposed. Altogether the indications are that there must be some study and careful thought by all if the program is carried through successfully. Write Mrs. Ada McKeever, Parnassus, Pa., for further details.

Two interesting year books have come from Oxford, Ohio, from the Evening Circle of the W. M. S. Both booklets are handmade, one having a snapshot of the church on the outside cover. An unusual topic for a missionary society is "Religious education in the schools", one worth thinking on. The tithe has a prominent place. February offers the "Annual guest dinner", which sounds good!

An apt quotation is this:

"The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping stones
To be of grace, O Lord, to Thee".

Prettily decorated wall paper furnishes the cover for the second Oxford year book. The first page contains Dr. Sheldon's mission creed:

I Believe in Missions—

1. Because the greatest mission ever known was when God sent His only begotten Son to the world to save it.

2. Because the world will never be brought to Christ until men bring Christ to the world.

3. Because if salvation means anything to me I cannot be happy unless I share it with others.

Here is an appropriate verse for Thanksgiving:

"He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true thanksgiving
Comes from the heart".

On the "Roll Call" page is found after the name of each member the name of a missionary, a mission field, a mission station or other work of the church. No doubt a special obligation attaches itself to each object such as prayer, a letter, a birthday card or other remembrance suitable to the person or institution. For details write Mrs. J. L. Thome, 108 E. Church St., Oxford, Ohio.

The First N. S. Pittsburgh Mary Clokey Porter Society sent in six copies of its year book. Oftentimes it is very convenient to have duplicate copies and to have a half dozen is luxury! Miss Emma L. Dierdorf, 1 Royal St., N. S. Pittsburgh is chairman of the program committee. A set of programs full of material is outlined, including the Foreign and Home fields, a study book and other topics. A suggestive verse graces the first page:

"Some one has blended the plaster
And some one has carried the stone;
Neither the man nor the Master
Ever builded alone.
Making a roof from the weather,
Building a house for the King,
Only by WORKING TOGETHER
Men have accomplished a thing".

Grove City W. M. S. has remembered the program corner again. This society takes no vacation so offers twelve programs in as many months. At its July meeting it is to hear echoes from the W. G. M. S. Convention at Greensburg, Pa., and enjoy its annual picnic, too. The roll of members is listed according to town wards or out-of-town as the case may be. This should be especially helpful to new members and old in locating each other.

Of the quotations, this one of Andrew Murray's is offered as a challenge: "Christ expects that every one who knows His love shall tell of it". Mrs. S. H. McDonald, Grove City, Pa., is in position to give further information.

Indiana, Pa., W. M. S. also has a missionary meeting every month of the year. The frontis page of its new year book has a beautiful poem by John Oxenham, the closing lines being,— "Not *what* I believe—but *Whom!*" How pertinent these days when so many "beliefs" are abroad! So many seem to be little concerned about the *Person.* Playlet, pageant, address by a missionary, talks and a covered dish luncheon—all suggest something good in store for those who will avail themselves of the oportunities at hand. Mrs. Chas. L. Playfoot, Indiana, Pa., is chairman of the program committee. Ask her if you wish to know more than here reported.

Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old.

Oh, each Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace;
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

—Bishop W. W. How.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The most important item in the work of the W. G. M. S. since our last article for the Magazine concerns the Greensburg Convention. The general opinion is that our prayers were answered and that it was harmonious and helpful and spiritual. We were very happy to have as guests of the Board nineteen foreign missionaries—ten married ladies from the Foreign Board and nine of our own missionaries—who expect to sail for their various fields before the middle of September. In addition to the above we also had five who were not our guests; they came directly from the steamer to the Convention. Among this number we are happy to mention our beloved Dr. Hart who has rendered such efficient service for the W. G. M. S. as a builder in Egypt. We were very glad to welcome him to our Convention.

The most important action on new work was the adoption of the Pension Plan, which appeared in full in the July number of the Magazine. We hope it will meet with the approval of our entire membership as it was unanimously adopted by the Greensburg Convention. We ask the prayers of every reader that the Lord would grant the wisdom needed to properly manage this new department and that He will send designated money from time to time to augment the sum already set aside, which will be wholly inadequate in a few years as those whom we hope to aid by the Pension Plan will be increasing in age and in number as the days go by. We hope to be able to put the plan into operation by January 1931 for as many as may have been voted on by the respective Missions at their previous annual meeting. We are all very happy to feel that this plan is now a fact instead of a dream and we are praying that the Lord will make it possible to continue as we have commenced without asking for any contribution toward the Pension Plan from any of our women missionaries.

Quite a number of our missionaries are now in the home land on furlough. You will have noticed before that in addition to the estimates which we sent to the Mission fields for Class 1, we continue to pay full salaries to all who are home on furlough. We make this statement because many of our friends have the idea that the money sent abroad is all the money that is spent by the foreign department. The following named persons are now at home, or will shortly arrive: from Egypt—Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap and the Misses Alice Grimes, Carol E. McMillan, Elizabeth S. White, Ruth M. Williamson, and Margaret Work; from the Sudan—the Misses Mary Coie and Aulora R. McIntyre; from India—the Misses Ruth I. Ardrey, Nancy Hadley, Evva P. Hartig, Esther Moyer, Margaret L. Murdoch, Laura Reynolds, and Janet E. Nesbitt.

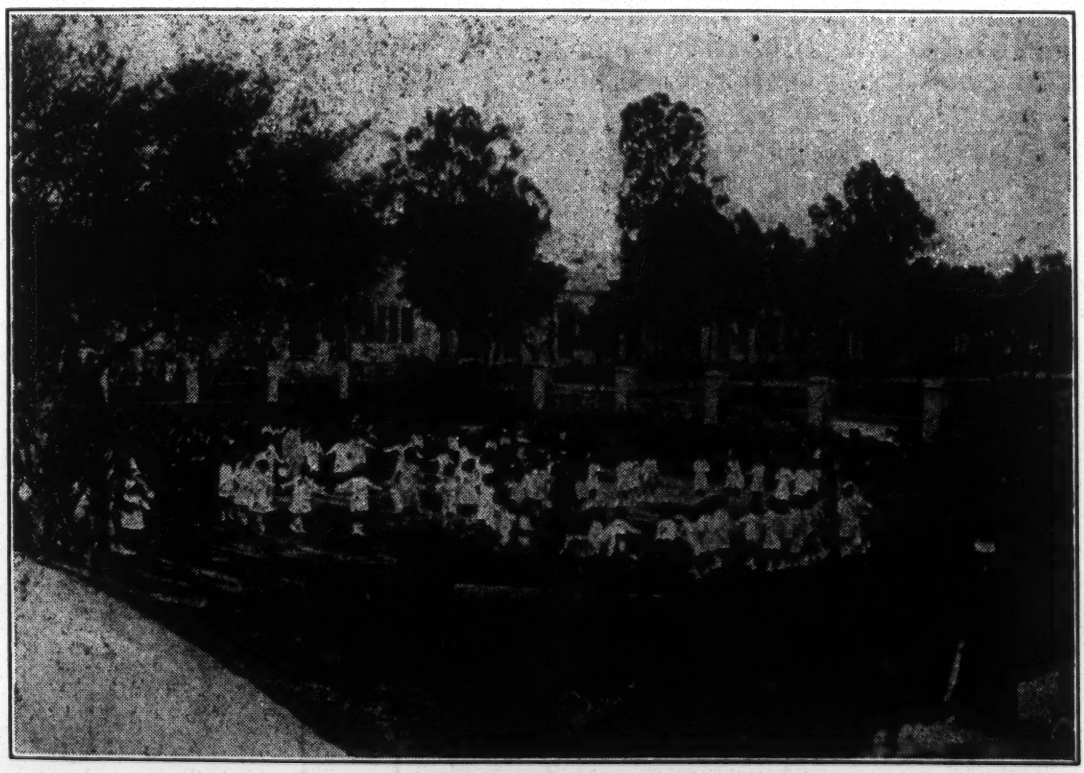
We are happy to report that Miss Nesbitt and her mother arrived in good condition in New York and proceeded at once to Rochester, Minn., where Miss Nesbitt expected to put herself under the care of the Mayo surgeons.

Miss Hartig will report at once to Columbia Hospital for that infected thumb from which she has suffered for months and months. We hope to be able to effect a speedy cure.

All the others, as far as heard from, have had first class medical certificates. We like to have these early in the furlough so we will know if anything special needs to be done, that it may be undertaken at once. In this way our missionaries have the major part of their furlough for recuperation and go back to the field in fine physical condition.

EGYPT

Miss Ruth Williamson, as you perhaps know, is in charge of the Kindergarten department at the Mary Clokey Porter Memorial in Tanta, Egypt. We were very much pleased to have a visit from her at headquarters and to talk with her concerning the work. Among other things they have over there which are new to us is a Men's Day when all the fathers and merchants and gentlemen friends of the work are invited to come to the school for a program the children present to show their work. This is all new and novel to Egyptian eyes. Miss Williamson tells us that the gentlemen are very much interested and that a great number come. After the program light refreshments are served and all return home well pleased, everyone present announcing himself as a friend hereafter of the "American Mission Kindergarten". She gave us pictures of the building which we had never seen before. One shows the children in a game on the grounds in front of the building. It will give you some idea of the exterior surroundings of the school. Then there is another view of the front of the building showing some of the gentlemen guests seated and waiting for the children, to begin the program. The third shows Miss Williamson and a group of five of the younger tots. Many of these children are from wealthy Mohammedan homes and the great majority are paying pupils. Miss Williamson has also been asked by the Mission to be responsible for the Kindergarten work throughout the entire Mission, so she had a class of twelve girls in training. They are sent from other schools to the Mary Clokey Porter G. B. S. and she gives them special normal and kindergarten training. She has likewise been appointed by the Mission to visit the schools and see how the kindergartners whom she has trained are fulfilling their mission as kindergartners. Nothing that we have ever



MAY FESTIVAL, 1930.
Tanta Kindergarten Children in a game in front of the building.
Cut furnished from Mrs. Geo. Moore Memorial Fund.

MAY FESTIVAL, 1930, TANTA KINDERGARTEN. MEN'S DAY
Cut furnished from Mrs. Geo. Moore Memorial Fund.

undertaken seems to be more popular with the Egyptians than the Kindergarten work of our schools. Like fathers and mothers the world over, they are all deeply interested in whatever concerns their children. She told us an interesting story of one of the employees of the School who was a Moslem. He was very much interested in the kindergartners and especially in one little girl about six years old. He contracted a disease

RUTH WILLIAMSON AND SOME KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN AT TANTA
Cut furnished from Mrs. Geo. Moore Memorial Fund.

from which he died. After the funeral was over someone said in the little girl's hearing: "I wonder if ..... knew much about the story of Jesus". The little girl spoke up at once and said: "Oh yes he did; he said he loved Jesus". When asked how she knew she replied: "Why I told him all about Jesus and he told me when he was sick that he loved Him". Who can tell! It may be that this little girl has been used of the Master to win a soul to love Jesus of Whom she spoke.

INDIA

We are much in prayer about the troubles in India. We hear of uprisings here and there but so far the Lord has protected all our missionaries and all our institutions and property. An order went out from headquarters that all white women and children who were in rural places should go at once into the large cities where they could better be protected. Dr. Maria White refused to go; she could not leave her hospital and her patients in Pasrur to go into Sialkot or any place else and she was sure the Lord would protect her. And He did. Dr. J. G. Campbell stayed also and was a great comfort and help to Dr. White. Miss Josephine Martin was also ordered to leave Pathankot and all her missionaries, but she said: "No, I could not leave the school of young Indian girls knowing what would happen if there was an uprising". The authorities sent her an extra watchman so that there would be a watchman on duty day and night. We are sure you are all praying with us that their lives may be precious in His sight. The last reports were that everyone was back on duty again at their homes.

The deed has at last been secured and recorded for the new site for the Memorial Hospital in Sialkot. There are still difficulties about mortgages, etc., which the Mission expects to have settled in the very near future. As you know, the plans have been in our possession for a long time. Won't you pray with us that in the Lord's time and way the money for a new Memorial Hospital in or near Sialkot may be available?

SUDAN

There is nothing especially new to report about the Sudan except that the estimates for the year beginning July 1, 1930 have not yet reached us.

The Misses Turk and Boyd have had a hard, difficult and trying experience in taking care of a school of more than two hundred and fifty pupils. But without a word of complaint they have bravely met the duties of each day as it came and trusted the Master to bless their efforts. We hope they are both on a well-deserved vacation and are escaping the intense heat of that land.

ABYSSINIA

You will be pleased to learn that our missionaries at Addis Ababa are busy installing the new electric light plant. When the materials arrived, quite a number of the battery jars had been broken in transit. They reported this at once to Peet & Powers in New York City and we received information from that firm that on May 28th a duplicate of the broken jars had been shipped from New York.

You will also be pleased to learn that we have awarded the contract for the Victor Shockproof X-ray machine at a cost of $8,432.19. This does not include the cost of transportation nor the travelling expenses of an expert who goes to install the plant and instruct all who are to have any responsibility whatever concerning it as to the best method of using it, reading plates, etc. The outfit included hundreds of dozens of films of all sizes. We know what a satisfaction it will be to you when you think of the George Memorial Hospital to remember that it is now a modernly equipped hospital, with electric lights, an X-ray plant and every other surgical convenience that we know about.

In this connection we are very much gratified to report that the Dorcas Circle of the First United Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y., bought materials and prepared the following named articles for the use of the George Memorial Hospital: Abdominal Sponges—111 dozen; Dressing Sponges—149 dozen; Tonsil Sponges—23½ dozen; Navel Ties—226. The estimated value of the contents of this box was $100. You can imagine the pleasure that will be given to the doctors and nurses as they open the box with contents as above described because they cannot get the materials there, saying nothing about the time that is necessary to make and prepare all the articles mentioned. Every member of our Board, and we are sure every reader of the Magazine as well, feels thankful to the Dorcas Circle for this wonderfully generous and thoughtful gift. We publish the article that other societies knowing the kind of articles that are acceptable in all our hospitals in India, Egypt, the Sudan, and Abyssinia may be inspired to undertake similar work in their churches.

We also wish to make grateful mention that the young ladies of the Philadelphia Presbyterial made and presented to Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger numerous gifts intended for the Sialkot Memorial Hospital in India. There was not a single personal gift among them but their offerings filled three large packing boxes. If we had a list of the contents we would share that but I do want you to know how interested our women are in the work abroad as well as at home.

Pray that the Lord will thrust out doctors and nurses and kindergartners and normal teachers to all our foreign fields that those who are workers there may not be discouraged or broken down by overwork. Pray that the means used for the restoration to health of those whom He has afflicted may be blest, and that all may return to the land and the work they love so well in splendid physical condition. Pray that a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit for service may come upon every member of our Church that all may know the joy of personal service for the upbuilding of the Kingdom.

Life Members

$25.00 Each.

From May 1, 1930 to July 1, 1930

13. Mrs. Agnes Ledlie Mitchell, Des Moines, Iowa. By Mrs. C. C. Kyle.
14. Mrs. R. Haynes Wilson, Altoona, Pa. By her husband.
15. Mrs. Nannie J. Shannon, College Springs, Ia. By her brothers and sisters, The Geo. McCullough family.
16. Mrs. Lavinia Robertson Whyte, In Memoriam. By her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Witherspoon.
17. Mrs. Henry C. Curry, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. James Parker, 2nd Church.
18. Mrs. W. A. Moyle, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter, Ruth Moyle.
19. Mrs. E. J. Clark, Le Claire, Ia. By ladies of the Le Claire Prairie Congregation.

LIFE DIRECTORS

$300.00 Each.

ACTIVE ROLL

53. Mary Elizabeth Mitchell, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. By sister, Carrie E. MacDanel.
54. Robert E. MacDanel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. By sister, Carrie E. MacDanel
55. J. William MacDanel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. By sister, Carrie E. MacDanel.

Freedmen's Missions

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 1007 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

IS THE CHURCH INVESTMENT IN NEGRO WORK AT MUSCLE SHOALS A WISE ONE?

By Rev. L. W. Michael, Pastor at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

I should like to discuss this subject from a wider view point, taking in all the work which the United Presbyterian Church is doing for the uplift of the Negro.

Since I have been asked to confine my article to the work at Muscle Shoals, my thoughts must be confined to this particular mission.

As many of the problems are alike in all of the stations, we can get from one description, a picture of the whole —conditions varying only according to the time.

As to the wisdom of the Church's investment at Muscle Shoals, I invite you, as Jesus did His disciples to "Lift up your eyes, and look upon the field"—and your hearts will be moved with compassion, as was the great heart of the Master, when He saw the multitudes scattered as sheep, having no shepherd.

No one will question Jesus' opinion "No investment or sacrifice is too great which gives the starving multitude a leadership that will lead them safely into the Fold". In order to achieve this, He invested not alone His own energy but that of His disciples also.

There is a popular opinion in this section that the greatest need in the Tri-City is, that the Government should not play with the wonderful power of the Wilson Dam, but that it should conserve and untilize this God-given power, that our people may have with others, an opportunity to earn an honest living. Indeed this is a much coveted need—but the greatest need of our people here, as elsewhere is, not an opportunity to work for the bread that perishes, but for a leadership that will lead us out of the awful state of ignorance and superstition and ruin.

That the leadership in our city is altogether inadequate, was plainly demonstrated a short while ago in a meeting of the Interdenominational Ministerial Alliance of the Tri-City. In discussing the subject "Why more students, after finishing college do not enter the Seminaries and qualify for the ministry", the leader of the discussion who represents our best talent, declared "All the fools have finished college, and those who come out these later years, are wise enough to choose a profession from which they can get a living". The speaker was cheered and his sentiments sanctioned by the entire group except the writer whom God used to show the folly of this reasoning. By this it can readily be seen that leadership is our outstanding need.

Some time ago I attended an evening service in one of our leading churches, where contesting sermons were preached by different ministers to see which one could raise the most money and create the most excitement.

After the sermons the offering was lifted—all without a single mark of worship. There was joking and laughter, such as one would expect, and is usual, on a football gridiron. During the entire excercise I sat with bleeding heart as I wondered what God was thinking about this service, and at the same time trying to determine what He would have me to do. Having been notified by the pastor in charge that he wanted me to say a word after the offering I was given a message out of God's word of the kind of worship that was acceptable in His sight. Immediately the whole scene changed, and the message would have had a glorious effect but for a rebuttal. This minister by misapplied quotations from God's Word,

tried to prove they were right and charged me with trying to break up a custom which they have had for fifty years. In this same church I saw a minister seize a chair and throw it half the distance of the main aisle in order to excite the emotions of his hearers. Such maneuvers are common during revival seasons.

That such worship and leaders are a hindrance to our people is plainly seen. Just three doors from the church described lived a family so filled with superstition that they were found digging nearly all the time in search of the "Cunger bag", which might by chance be buried there during the night by the "Hudo man"—who was paid a handsome sum for his work by their enemies. Since so much time was spent in search of the "Cunger bag" there was little time left to recruit their finances and this brought dissatisfaction to the landlord, who demanded his house and this dismal spot, cursed by superstition was again cursed by the stain of blood of the victims. While this description may be just a little out of the ordinary, it will apply very favorably, with few exceptions to our community as a whole. The more I study conditions and see how people are hopelessly buried beneath the oppressing hand of ignorance, superstition and sin of every description, the plainer I see that God has a definite plan in the establishment of the United Presbyterian church here. It seems very clear to me that He intends that our church, with her ideals and integrity shall serve as a guiding star to the Negroes of this section. Without her light which is distinguished and separate from counterfeit, they will continue to stumble hopelessly in the dark.

One may ask the question, Is the work serving its purpose?

I answer, Yes! Like all reformatory work it is slow, but fundamental. I point to the many homes that are touched and helped by this work. I think of a home of six little children, a mother and a father who was a drunkard and a gambler. During our first visits to this home we, through kindness and sympathy, won our way into the heart of the mother who became a member of our church. To the father our presence repelled, and he would swear most wickedly when he saw us coming. Silently we won his confidence and respect which had been shattered by those who "cared not for his soul". Through the kindness of our friends in the North, the children were provided with clothes and became constant attendants of our Sabbath School. After several months of patient waiting and work the wretched father and a son gave their hearts to Christ and were admitted into the church.

I think of another home in which lived a little boy who confessed Christ during one of our evangelistic meetings and joined the church. After receiving instruction in how Christian people should live and cultivate regular prayer habits, the lesson was taught to a careless mother whose custom was to rise in the morning without returning thanks to Him who kept her through the night. The improved condition in this home was reported as an expression of gratitude by the father of the child.

Would time and space permit, I could point to many other outstanding examples, aside from the regular silent influences which come as a natural fruitage in fulfillment of the promise made by our Lord to those who walk with Him in truth.

Exclusive of the special achievements mentioned 40 souls have been touched in a special way and added to the church during our three years of labor. Of this number some have answered the call of death, while some others by special providence are scattered throughout the country. We know Jesus Christ our Shepherd who left all in search of one sheep will say in reference to the church's investment "Well done".

Indian Department

MRS. J. FRENCH KERR, Secretary, 115 E. Fairview Ave., Connellsville, Pa.

SOME FACTS ABOUT OUR INDIANS

Which Makes One Think of Obligations and Responsibilities

The Indian is not a vanishing race.

There are about 350.000 in continental U. S. A. and 37,000 in Alaska.

The great majority are extremely poor.

Illiteracy is decreasing.

There are 205 government schools, of these 19 are non-reservation boarding schools, 55 reservation boarding schools, 131 day schools. There are also 20 Protestant Mission schools and 37 Roman Catholic Mission schools.

Less than one third of the Indians in the United States are related to Christian communions—over 90% of the old Indians cling to the faith of their fathers.

The young Indians are eager to know of Jesus.

Help us to deal humanly with our *Indian* youth that is struggling up through the dark.

AN UP-TO-DATE GLIMPSE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Yannabah slowed her pony to a walk. The desert air was good after five years at the government school. A few weeks were hers, weeks of freedom from school, from routine, from strict discipline. She would be happy in her old home.

Some one was coming up the main road. She knew it was an Indian by his bare head and the swift stride of his moccasined feet.

"Hocko, shahte", the voice of her cousin greeted her. "The trader's child is ill', he said eagerly . He knew that at school she had had hospital training.

"I will go", she said with a feeling of exultation.

"No", said the boy, his voice hard. "Your mother said, 'She cannot go. Tonight there will be a sing for her'."

Yannabah knew what it meant—the sing, the dance, the men sitting in a circle around her to look her over, finally one of them taking her to his dirty *hogan* to live. There would be no more chance for school. For a moment she hid her face, then she lifted her head proudly.

"Tell the trader's wife to look for me by the time the moon is up", she said. The boy sped down the trail into the desert.

"Yannabah rode slowly along the trail to her own *hogan*, all the joy gone from her heart. The old mother sat on the ground near the fire in the center of the room frying bread in mutton fat . Yannabah sat on a dirty sheep skin, her eyes dark with thought. Her mother talked to her of recent happenings. Once Yannabah lifted her head and looked into her mother's eyes, but soon both turned away troubled. Should she stay with the old woman who loved her though she said so little about it? If she did, the medicine man and the others would come to look at her. If she went perhaps it would mean that she could never return to her mother's *hogan*. But she could go back to the towns and schools and have a chance at the hospital training she had dreamed of. Perhaps some day she could serve her own people in a hospital on the desert. Yannabah knew if she were to go it must be quickly. She turned, gave a last look across the fire to the bent old woman at her task, and was gone. The old woman heard her go but did not stop her. Perhaps she had a moment of true understanding for her girl who had been learning better ways".

Misunderstood and misunderstanding—Yannabah so typical of Indian youth of today stands midway between the old customs of her parents and the new civilization of the white man and yet belongs to neither .

"Never will she forget those first baffling and bewildering years in the government boarding school when she was suddenly transplanted from the simple, care free life of the reservation to the school with its many rules and regulations, new customs and strange language. But in spite of mistakes and discouragements, she has during these years, learned many new things of which her family does not dream. She longs now to go ahead—to get the necessary training so that she may go back and help her own people or earn her living in the city of white man".

(From a story by Dorothy Cate, Y. W. C. A. Secretary and Associate Religious Director at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas).

Junior Department

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings, Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

The juniors of Egypt sent a beautiful assortment of colored glass bracelets, such as are worn by the little girls of that country, to the Junior Exhibit at the Greensburg Convention. These were on display at the Convention and were much admired. The juniors of India sent a collection of ear and nose rings which also were an interesting part of the Junior Exhibit. At the close of the Convention the bracelets and rings were sent to the societies that had contributed articles for the Exhibit. We think this exchange of gifts between the juniors at home and abroad is a splendid way to promote feelings of world-friendship among the children. The American juniors wish to say "Thank-you" to every child in Egypt or India who had a part in sending these tokens of friendship and regard.

Action was taken by the Women's Board in June making the equipment of the new additions to the Jubilee Hospital at Henderson, North Carolina, the object of the Junior Special Work during the coming year. The amount of $4,000 is asked for this important work. The enlargement of this hospital should be of especial interest to the children. The hospital work at Henderson was begun because it was impossible for colored people to receive surgical attention and care such as white people received and a little boy died whose life might have been saved by an operation for appendicitis if there had been a Mission hospital to which he could have been taken. Watch the *Junior Missionary Magazine* for information in regard to this work. An article written by Mrs. Wilson, Secretary of the Freedmen work will be printed in that magazine.

The Junior Conference at the Greensburg Convention was attended by fifty or more junior leaders. Various problems connected with the work were discussed informally. Miss Elizabeth Milligan presented the new study books and literature for the coming year. Mrs. John P. White and Mrs. Heagen spoke of the help and inspiration to be had in the magazines. Miss Viola Bayne gave a most earnest testimony as to the value and worthwhileness of the junior work and gave valuable suggestions of a practical kind. Her own juniors in Abyssinia put in practice the teaching they have received and are real evangelists. It was a pleasure to all to receive a greeting from Mrs. Elsie Wehling Fulton whose most excellent book on home missions, *The Uplift*, will be used this year when a special study is to be made of the home missionary work of our own Church.

The Junior Exhibit at the Greensburg Convention was a most excellent and interesting Exhibit. It was fully as large as usual and filled the large basement of the Church. Mrs. Robert Carson and her helpers on the Exhibit Committee had everything

well arranged and in perfect order. To them is due our thanks and appreciation for all the work they so willingly and efficiently did. Taking care of the Junior Exhibit is one of the large tasks in connection with every Convention. Again we say "Thank you" to them. We also wish to thank every Junior Superintendent and all the juniors who made such a splendid Exhibit possible.

The Junior Workers Association of Allegheny, Chartiers, Monongahela and Westmoreland Presbyteries held their annual social meeting in Carnegie on the afternoon of June 21. A splendid program was presented by the Carnegie society. Games and refreshments also added to the enjoyment of all. There was a good attendance. All are looking forward to the annual Rally to be held on the last Saturday of September.

DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.

I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.

And I think that the gentle Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary,

905 Publication Building, 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSION STUDY TEXT BOOKS
1930—1931

Foreign—Senior

A Cloud of Witnesses—Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

How to Use "A Cloud of Witnesses", 25 cents. Contains four short dramatizations.

Map of the World. In cloth, $3.75; paper, $2.00. (Not in stock, but will order).

Outline Map of World, 30 cents.

Foreign—Junior

The Treasure Hunt—Paper, 50 cents.

How to Use "The Treasure Hunt", 15 cents.

Everyland Children-Posters—(In colors), 25 cents per set of eight.

Beginners

Pedro and the Bells—25 cents each.

Home—Senior

At Work in the Home Land—Single copies, 35 cents. In quantities of five or more, 30 cents each. There is no **Suggestions for Leaders** of this book.

Junior

The Uplift—Single copies, 50 cents. In quantities of five or more, 45 cents each.

How to Use "The Uplift", 15 cents.

Strips of Tickets for "The Uplift" class, 1 cent each, 10 cents per doz.

Beginners

Missionary Lessons for Youngest Juniors—30 cents each.

Leaflets

Women of the Bible—A new Devotional Service, 2 cents.

People of India, 3 cents.

Purpose and Plan of the W. G. M. S. Send one cent for postage.

Departments of Work, 1930. Free Postage, 5 cents per doz.

Four Programs on World Friendship (Junior), 15 cents.

Pageants

No Room, 3 cents.

Voices of the Women, 10 cents.

Treasurer's Report from April 16 to June 30, 1930

PRESBYTERIALS	Foreign Missions	Foreign Salaries	Home Missions	Indian Missions	Freedmen's Missions	Ch. Ex. and Parsonage	Junior Special	Young Women's Special	Ministerial Relief	Contingent Fund	Women's Asso. Work: Orphan's Home	Women's Asso. Work: Home for Ag. People	Women's Asso. Work: Columbia Hospital	Isaiah	Temperance	New World	Mrs. Moore Memorial Fund	Miscellaneous	TOTAL
Albany		30.00												2.00	1.00		2.00		35.00
Allegheny	763.00	850.00	148.00	17.00	97.00	37.00	7.00	35.00	42.00					33.00	10.00		2.00		2041.00
Beaver Valley	25.00	134.00	5.00	3.00											2.00				169.00
Chartiers																	8.35		8.35
Chicago																	5.00		5.00
Cleveland																	3.50		3.50
College Springs	25.00	90.00	11.00	6.00	3.00	3.00		53.00	3.00	2.00					4.00				200.00
Colorado																	8.35		8.35
Conemaugh		13.00												2.00	2.00		4.00		21.00
Delaware																	1.70		1.70
Hudson	35.00	63.00	10.00							5.00				4.00					117.00
Idaho	5.00		4.00	1.00	2.00	1.00			1.00		3.00			2.00	1.00				20.00
Illinois Southern										2.10					1.00				3.10
Kansas City	24.07																3.00		27.07
Keokuk																	1.15		1.15
Lake																	1.00		1.00
Mercer		275.00																	275.00
Monongahela	70.00		260.00	20.00	100.00	20.00		40.00	25.00	50.00							3.85		588.85
Muskingum																	1.00		1.00
Omaha	28.00		1.00	3.00	5.00			8.00							1.00				46.00
Philadelphia																	1.50		1.50
Steubenville																	1.00		1.00
Tennessee			3.00		5.00		6.00		2.00										16.00
Wisconsin																	2.00		2.00
Avalon Cong.		200.00																	200.00
Boulevard S. S.		100.00																	100.00
Coraopolis Cong. & S. S.		400.00																	400.00
Fourth Church, N. S.		350.01																	350.01
First Los Angeles		206.00																	206.00
Marissa Cong.		200.00																	200.00
Norris Square S. S.		200.00																	200.00
Roch't'r, N. Y.Cong. & S.S.		99.99																	99.99
Sparta Cong.		200.00																	200.00
Tama Cong.	3.00		2.00	2.00	3.00														10.00
Estate of W. L. Taylor		225.00																	225.00
First Toledo S. S.		50.00																	50.00
Valencia Cong.		275.00																	275.00
1st Wash., Ia., Cong.		150.00																	150.00
W. E. Presbyterian Church		60.00																	60.00
Morgan Co. Board of Edu.			1000.00																1000.00
Annuity																		500.00	500.00
Parsonage Repayments						5491.83													5491.83
Returned on Loans																		350.00	350.00
Investment Income																		12635.75	12635.75
India Equipment																		208.00	208.00
Interest	13.20		20.70							1585.09									1618.99

| | | |

Tributes

MRS. BELLE BROWNLEE

The Women's Missionary Society of Zenith, Kansas wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Belle Brownlee, who departed this life April 13, 1930.

Mrs. Brownlee was truly a "Mother in Israel" having reared her large family for God and the church. One of her daughters, Miss Theresa was at home from India on her first furlough when her mother became ill and remained with her until the end.

Although for many months a great sufferer, our friend was always thinking of and planning for others. Her courage and faith remained an inspiration to all who knew her.

Mrs. C. A. Pollock,
Mrs. Mamie Volker.

MISS EDITH WARDEN

We of the Mt. Pleasant Women's Missionary Society were called upon to bid our last farewell to our beloved President, Miss Edith Warden who entered into a mansion prepared on April 27.

For many years she was our faithful organist, an earnest worker for the Italian Mission, the Junior Red Cross and many other good works. Those who knew her best feel sad and lonely when they look upon her empty place but trust to meet her at Jesus feet on God's good morning so we do not say goodbye but goodnight.

Mrs. W. D. Newill,
Marion Kenyon.

MISS LULA MAY McCLEERY

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Somonauk United Presbyterian Church of Somonauk, Ill., desire to express their sense of loss in the death of a devoted member Miss Lula May McCleery who was called home June 14, 1930, after a brief illness.

For many years she had been a member of this society and had given freely of her services in various offices. Her efficiency and tactfulness endeared her to all and her helpful presence will be sadly missed.

In every organization and in each department of church work she was a faithful, loving and cheerful worker. Her efforts were given not from a sense of duty but because of her love for her Savior and her delight in being of service.

It was her happy faculty to be a real friend to old and young and to the funeral service held Monday June 15, friends came from far and near to pay tribute to one who was so kind a friend.

Her whole life was spent at the McCleery homestead and in this home her loss is felt most keenly. Her devotion to the home circle has been beautiful. To the sorrowing brothers and sisters we express our fullest sympathy and commend them to the One who heals the broken hearted.

"What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter".

Mrs. Ward McAllister,
Mrs. John Boyle,
Mrs. W. C. Davidson.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. R. G. Smith .....Tama, Iowa
Rev. R. V. Barr .....Warmspring, Ore.
Rev. W. A. Matthews, ...Simnasho, Ore.

HOME MISSIONS

Mrs. A. Caliandro, (Italians) 1378 Boule-
.....vard East, West New York, N. J.
Mrs. Maude Morrison, (Aliens) .....Hickory, Pa.
Miss Gretta Ohman, ...R. D. 3, McDonald, Pa.
Mrs. Frank Lieske, (Aliens) .....Langeloth, Pa.
Mrs. Mary Ciancio, 7609 Tioga St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Ella Montgomery, Route 4, Mansfield, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, 1275 Columbine
.....St., Denver, Colo.
Mrs. Jennie D. Nicol, 841 West 23rd St.,
.....Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Sallie Dickey, 609 West 4th Ave.,
.....Corsicana, Texas
Miss Mildred Robb, 1345 Ocean Ave., San
.....Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Alice M. Maxon, 531 East Couch St.,
.....Portland, Oregon
Miss Margaret Heazlett, 1302 State St.,
.....Coraopolis, Pa.

WORKERS AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Rev. and Mrs. Albert S. Work .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof. and Mrs. Merle McDowell, Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof. Oliver Ralston .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof. Frank Wylie .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Mitchell, M. D. .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Sara Conrad .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaret Campbell .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen Wright .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Louise Waddle .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth McIlrath .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Thelma Porter .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Caroline Pollock .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaret Beveridge .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss May Beveridge .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Edna Sutton .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Rev. and Mrs. Howard M. Brittain .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Alice Bickerstaff .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Maude Chesterman, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Edna Mae Eastwood .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Etheldean Ferguson .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Esther Stevenson .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Liberty Maye Mattson .....Ezel, Ky.

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Second Vice President: Mrs. Johnstone Calhoun, Los Angeles.

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Treasurer: Mrs. J. B. Hill, 1531 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Corresponding Secretary: Miss Mary White, 1502 Boyle St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Recording Secretary: Miss Clara J. Wilson, 150 N. Craig St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Donation Secretary: Mrs. Annie E. Duff, 41 Maplewood Ave., Crafton, Pa.

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Vice Presidents: Miss Emma Mabon, 208 W. North Ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Krebs, 19 Stowe St., Ingram, Pa.

Recording Secretary: Mrs. R. M. Douglass, 525 Hulton Rd., Oakmont, Pa.

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. Ira Gribben, 5611 Fair Oaks, St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Donation Secretary: Mrs. Howard Stevenson, Emily St., Crafton, Pa.

Financial Secretary: Mrs. D. W. McNaugher, 2301 Osgood St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Treasurer: Miss Sarah B. Henning, 1214 LeClair Ave., Swissvale, Pa.

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President: Mrs. S. B. Donaldson, 608 Hill Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

1st Vice Pres.: Mrs. D. T. McKeag, 220 Belva St., Avalon, Pa.

2nd Vice Pres.: Mrs. J. P. Cameron, 312 Lehi Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rec. Sec.: Mrs. Craig Smith, 3504 Shadeland Ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cor. Sec.: Mrs. Frank Long, 2434 Perrysville Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Donation Sec.: Mrs. Geo. F. Newell, 109 Biddle Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Financial Ch.: Miss Annetta M. Little, 1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS

LIST OF WORKERS IN FREEDMEN'S FIELD UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

*Arlington—Girls' Matron, Mrs. Anna Michael; Kitchen Matron, Mrs. Blevins; Domestic Science, Mrs. N. D. Williams; Sewing, Miss Mizzila Horn; Boys' Matron, Mrs. Haynes.

*Camden—Principal, Rev. W. G. Wilson; Asst. Principal, Alonzo W. Young; N. H. Mann, Walter Anglin, Miss Annie Blevins, Miss Lenora Starkey, Miss Amanda Freeman, Miss Evelyn Haygood, Mrs. S. P. Marsh, Mrs. Alphonzo Young, Miss Mary Jones, Miss Lucy Woodward, Mrs. Nannie J. Bonner.

*Canton Bend—Domestic Science, Miss Carrie Johns, Miss Alma J. Thatcher.

Chase City—Matron, Mrs. Della Seright; Asst. Matron, Mrs. Lavina Gaines; Sewing, Mrs. Luella Tidball; Domestic Science, Mrs. Daisy Osborn; Supt. of Boys, Charles Blakewell; Asst. Matron, Mrs. Jones.

Henderson—Nine months; J. A. Warren, Mrs. Tarter, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Reddick, Mrs. Ellis. All time (Nurse), Mrs. Eva Adams.

Knoxville—Miss Anna Rutherford, Miss Jennie Robertson, Miss Myrta McVey, Miss Bertha Ball, Miss Laura Baum, Miss Katherine Sancken.

*Miller's Ferry—Domestic Science, Miss P. B. Banks; Supt. Boarding Dept., Miss F. O. Parker; Matron, Mrs. O. Hawkins; Sewing, Mrs. F. H. Cary; Supt. Hospital, Mrs. Nannie Rhea.

*Prairie—Principal, Prof. William Peters; Asst. Principal, Mr. James Rivers; Miss Hope Edwards, Miss Hattie King, Miss Elizabeth Bradford, Miss Mary Meadows, Mrs. Estella Perkins, Mrs. Etoila Peters.

*—Donations of Clothing needed. New materials and Christmas boxes are gratefully received at all stations. Remember to prepay freight and put name of society and place inside of box. Address contributions as follows:

Alabama. Shipping point, Arlington, Ala.

Arlington, Ala.—Post Office address, Annemanie, Camden—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Alabama.

Canton Bend—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Alabama.

Miller's Ferry—C. S. Simpson, Post Office, Miller's Ferry, Alabama. Shipping point, Camden, Ala. Mark for Miller's Ferry, Alabama.

Prairie—Prof. William Peters, Post Office address ,Prairie, Alabama. Shipping point, Catherine, Alabama. Mark for Prairie Mission.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, ...Delhi

INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Helen Artman, 1920 .....Sialkot City
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912 .....Campbellpur
Miss Roma Beatty, 1909 Badomali, Sialkot District
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....Gujranwala
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918 .....Sialkot
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1928 .....Sargodha
Miss Lois M. Buchanan, 1910 .....Sialkot
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Marie E. Cash, R. N., 1926 .....Sialkot
Miss Henrietta Cowden, 1905 .....Sialkot
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913, ...Lyallpur
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 .....Pasrur
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 .....Campbellpur
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 .....Pathankot
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 .....Sargodha
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Janette Howland, 1921 .....Jhelum
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 .....Jhelum
Miss Olive Laing, 1912, ...Rawalpindi
Miss Sara Jane Lamont, 1928 .....Gujranwala
Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893, ...Rawalpindi
Miss Mary F. Lincoln, R. N., 1919 .....Sialkot
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, 1909 .....Pathankot
Miss Elizabeth McCahon, 1875 .....Sialkot
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 .....Lyallpur
Miss Rosa McCullough, 1879 .....Gujranwala
Miss Jean Morrison, 1895 .....Rawalpindi
Miss E. Josephine Martin, 1896 .....Pathankot
Miss Fannie C. Martin, 1895 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Mary R. Martin, 1890 .....Sheikhupura
Miss Maude Mitchell Miller, 1925 .....Sheikhupura
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898 .....Abbottabad
Miss Sara A. Moore, 1917 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Willa Ramsey, 1921 .....Pathankot
Dr. Faith W. Reed, 1926 .....Sialkot City
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 .....Gujranwala
Miss Rose Shereda, 1928 .....Lyallpur
Dr. J. P. Simpson, 1902 .....Jhelum
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918 .....Sargodha
Miss Emma M. Stauffer, R. N., 1925 .....
.....Bhera, Sargodha District
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 .....Pasrur
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1919 .....Sangla Hill
Dr. Maria White, 1886 .....Pasrur
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911 .....Pasrur
Miss Gertrude E. Zink, 1919 .....Sangla Hill

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 .....
.....826 S. Ogden St., Denver, Colo.
Miss Theresa Brownlee, 1922 .....Zenith, Kansas
Miss Agnes Ballantyne, 1925 .....
.....252 N. Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Laurella G. Dickson. 1897 .....Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1924 .....
.....45 Garden St., Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R. N., 1924 .....
.....9 Beall St., Frostburg, Md.
Miss Flora E. Hormel, R. N., 1925
.....Care of P. A. Hormel, Oakdale, Pa.
Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger, 1921 .....
.....6622 No. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Florence Jones, R. N., 1920 .....
%Mrs. Edyth J. Amalong, R.D.2, Pitcairn, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904, Phon., Garfield Co., Mont.
Miss Esther Moyer, 1924 ....R. D. 1, Fombell, Pa.
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 .....
.....R. D. 1, Cambridge, N. Y.
Miss Janet E. Nesbitt ,1925, G. D., Rochester, Minn.
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 .....
.....100 Crosby Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.
Miss Edna Ward, 1923, 3736 E. 57th St.,
.....Maywood, Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Cynthia Wilson, 1875 .....
.....320 Mariposa Street, Pasadena, Calif.
Miss Rosa T. Wilson, 1886, ...
.....320 Mariposa Street, Pasadena, Calif.
Miss Carrie Worman, 1921 .....Golden, Ill.

EGYPT

Miss Mildred Allison, 1926 .....Alexandria
Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 .....Cairo
Miss Margaret Bell, 1901 .....Fayoum
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909 .....Alexandria
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918 .....Cairo
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 .....Assiut
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922 .....Cairo
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 .....Cairo
Mrs. Sara M. Eby, R. N., 1926 .....Assiut
Miss Gudrun C. Estvad, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Davida Finney, 1914 .....Assiut
Miss Alta Grace French, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Elsie French, 1909 .....Zagazig
Miss Martha Glass, 1921 .....Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 .....Cairo
Miss Rena Hogg, 1899 .....Assiut
Miss May Holland, R. N., 1913 .....Benha
Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, 1928 .....Minia
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 .....Benha
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 .....Mansoura
Miss Jeanette McCrory, 1916 .....Benha
Miss May E. McFarland, 1919 .....Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1914 .....Cairo
Miss Dora Mason, 1918 .....Assiut
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 .....Beni Suef
Miss Marion Paden, 1920 .....Zagazig
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 .....Mansoura
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 .....Cairo
Miss Estelle Robertson, 1922 .....Cairo
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925 .....Fayoum
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920 .....Alexandria
Miss Margaret A. Smith, 1872 .....Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 .....Minia
Miss Jane C. Smith, 1922 .....Cairo
Miss M. Frances Tait, 1925 .....Tanta
Miss Anna Y. Thompson, 1871 .....Cairo
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 .....Assiut
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 .....Luxor
Miss Ethel Weed. 1919 .....Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside. 1924 .....Luxor
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 .....Beni Suef
Miss Ruth Work, 1904 .....Assiut
Miss Laura Wright, 1921 .....Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 .....
.....533 W. 9th St., Albany, Ore.
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894, 121 North 7th St.,
.....Sterling, Kansas
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 .....
Miss Alfretta M. Hammond, 1904 .....
.....State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901. 1239 Filmore St.,
.....Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923, R. D. 2,
.....Benzonia, Michigan
Miss Carol McMillan, 1906 .....
.....Care of T.R. Edmonds, Aledo, Ill.
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923, 1577 Wesley Ave.,
.....Evanston, Ill.
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924 .....
.....241 Osgood St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Ruth Mary Williamson, 1924 .....
....31 West 3rd St., Greensburg, Pa.
Miss Margaret Work, 1924, ...Ft. Morgan, Colo.

SUDAN

Miss Esther Minta Ganter, 1928, American
University .....Cairo, Egypt
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 ....Wadi Halfa
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ....Khartum North
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R. N., 1921 .....Nasser
Miss Frances Turk, R. N., 1921 .....Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Una Coie, 1918, %Earl B. Kinne, R. D. 2,
.....Shannon City, Iowa
Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919, R. 2, Shannon City, Iowa.
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912, 616 W. North Ave.,
.....N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Ray Huffman, R. N., 1924 .....
.....Box 74, Sterling, Kansas
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1919, ...Lenox, Iowa.

ABYSSINIA

Miss Edith C. Anderson, R. N., 1929 ....Addis Ababa
Mrs. Agnes H. W. Bancroft, R.N., 1929 Addis Ababa
Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R. N., 1920 .....Addis Ababa
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 .....Sayo
Miss Mildred Kiemele, 1929, ...Addis Ababa
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924 .....Sayo
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 .....Gorei
Miss Florence D. White, 1923 ....Addis Ababa

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Viola M. Bayne, R. N., 1924 .....
....3403 Reuben St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Little Time Apart

TUESDAY 10 A. M.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile"

HE LEADETH ME

Ps. 23:3—He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's Sake.

We all need the personal, direct, and continuous leading of God, and nothing can become a substitute for this.
—W. L. Watkinson.

"The clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His
When all is dim;
To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow Him."

If our lives are to count in great and good measure, can we follow any less than the greatest Leader.—A. W. Beaven.

See that Christ is not behind you but before, calling and drawing you on.
—Horace Bushnell.

Not for one single day
Can I discern the way;
But this I know—
Who gives the day
Will show the way,
So I securely go.
—John Oxenham.

"Make the path of duty plain before us, and keep us in it unto the end".

"The very dimness of my sight makes me secure,
For groping in my misty way
I feel His hand, I hear Him say
My help is sure".

"To walk with God we must have purposes in common with Him, and go toward the same destination".

"Cares cannot fret me if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me, if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way".

"By ways that we know not, lead us to the heights on which Thy sunshine rests forever".

You are face to face with trouble;
No wonder you cannot sleep;
But wait, and think of the promise;
The Lord will safely keep,
And lead you out of the thicket,
And into the pasture land;
You have only to walk straight onward,
Holding the dear Lord's hand.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

"He who walks with God will hold converse with God. He speaks, and hears God speak".

"He's guiding me now—this moment,
In pathways easy or hard,
Perhaps by a door wide open,
Perhaps by a door fast barred,
Perhaps by a joy withholden,
Perhaps by a gladness given;
In ways that I know and know not
He's leading me up to Heaven".
—Selected.

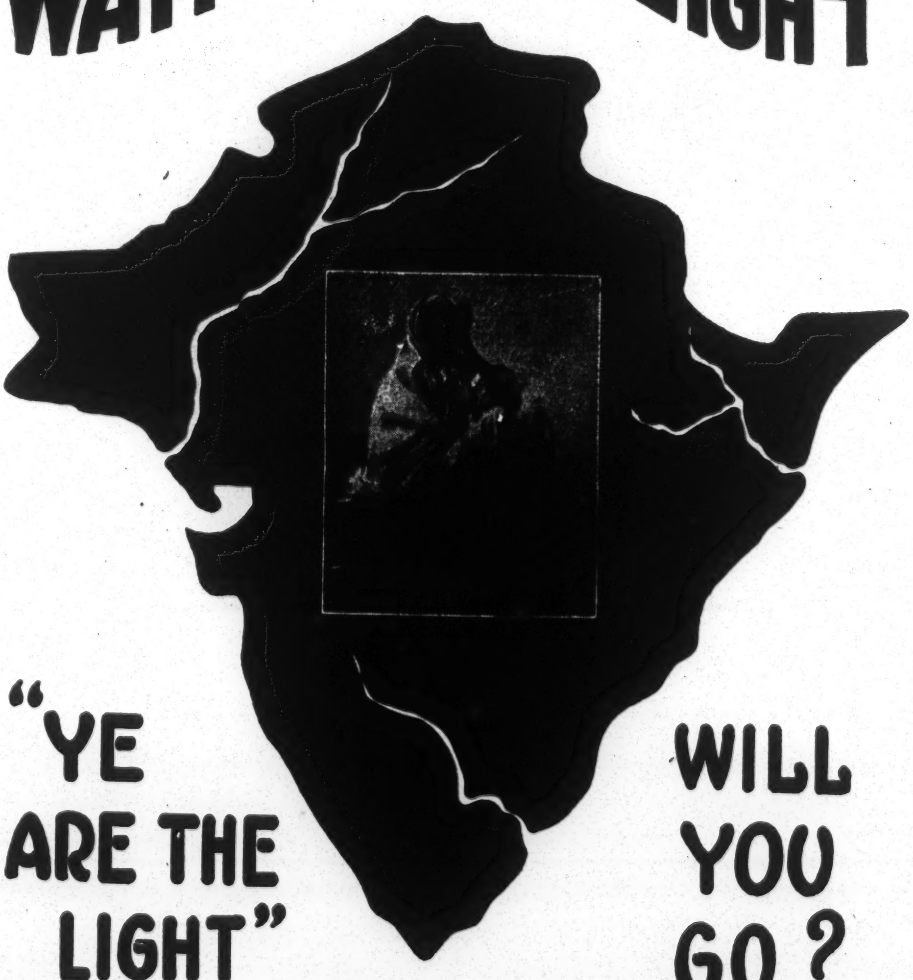
How hard it is for us to quietly wait for God! We are too apt to outrun Him; to frustrate the quiet unfolding of His purpose; and to snatch at promised blessings before they are ripe.—F. B. Meyer.

For one thing only Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright.
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
I do not ask, O Lord that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to Light.
—Adelaide Proctor.

Let us pray:—"O Thou who art the light of all who must walk alone in the path of shadows, teach us to so trust Thee that fear may no longer beset us. If we cannot see beyond the turn of the road, may we yet be conscious of a companionship that leads us in confidence towards each new experience".
—Mrs. Mary Porter Kyle, Monmouth, Ill.

INDIA'S WOMEN WAIT FOR THE LIGHT



"YE ARE THE LIGHT"

WILL YOU GO?